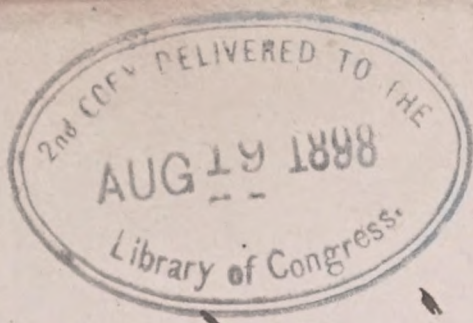


A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

CHAS. LEDYARD
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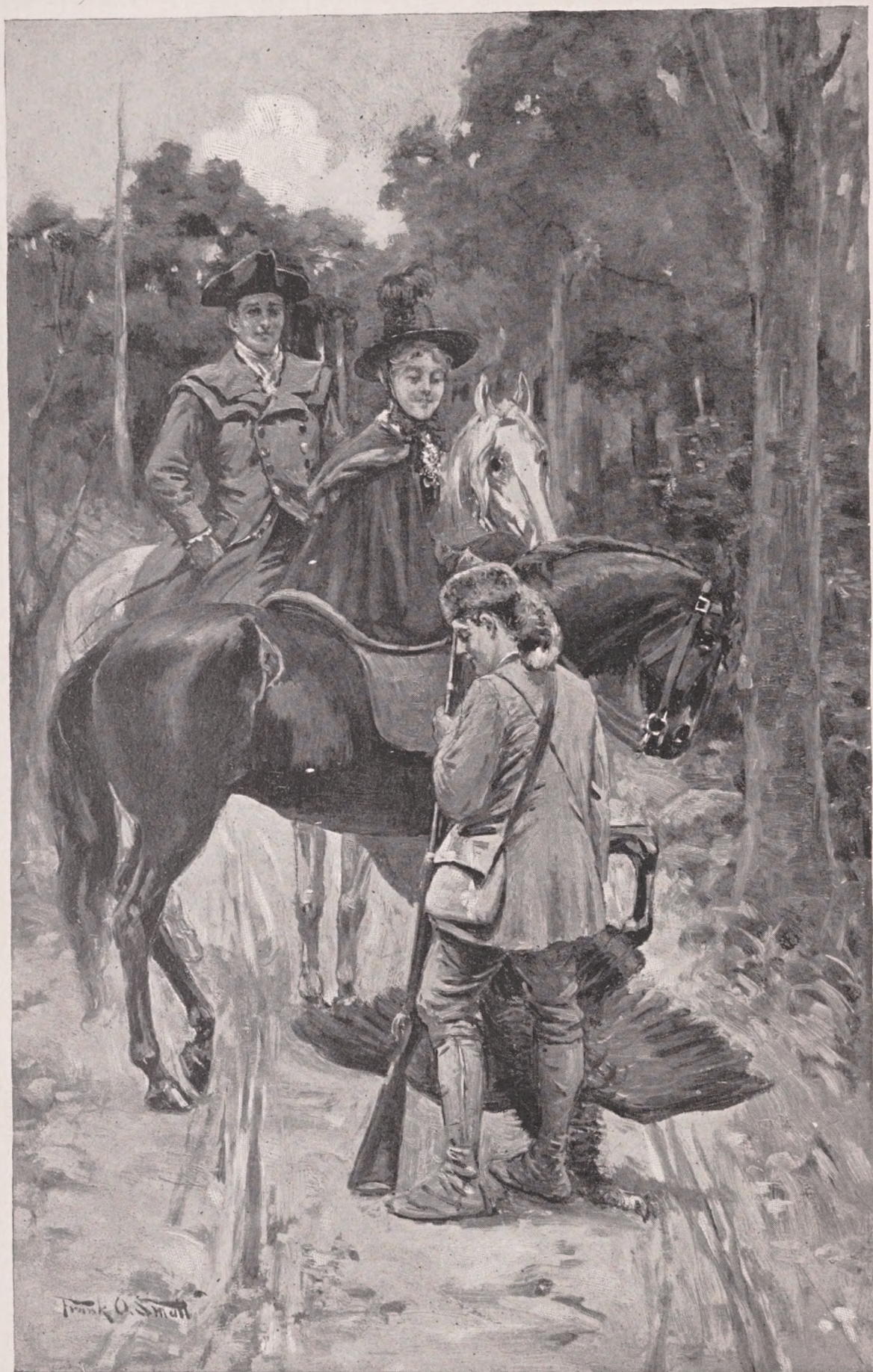
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“ ‘THAT’S A FINE GOBLER YOU HAVE THERE, YOUNG MAN!’ ”

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

A Story of the Great Northwest

BY

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON

AUTHOR OF "JACK BENSON'S LOG," "A MEDAL OF HONOR
MAN," "MIDSHIPMAN JACK," ETC.

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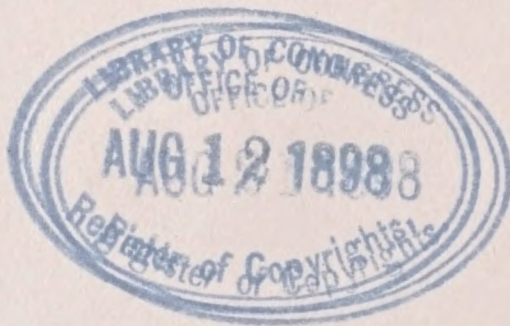
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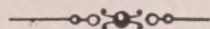
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A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION.



CHAPTER I.

I AND MY FOSTER-MOTHER AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE.

I WHO tell this story am called Sergeant Bassett, having held that rank for a time in the old First Infantry before ever it was changed to the First Sub-Legion of the United States.

My Christian name, as any one may see by searching in the parish records of Charles City County, Virginia, is Carolinus, given me at the suggestion of the rector of old St. John's Church, because it was believed that one or the other of the Carolinas was my true birthplace. Bassett was the maiden name of my foster-mother, as will hereafter appear ; for, although this story does not particularly concern me, I am told by my granddaughter, who is helping me to put it into some sort of readable shape, that I must tell who I am at the very outset, lest people doubt that I was really a witness of all that I am

going to relate concerning one who had so much to do with founding the great Middle West.

It is very easy to quote my name and the date of my baptism from the parish register; but the name that I ought really to bear is quite another matter. I only know that my father was killed by the fierce Shawnee warrior, "Cornstalk," in one of his raids on the Carolina settlements. My mother and I were carried off into the Creek country, where she died after a year or two of captivity, having been treated kindly enough by her captors, after their fashion of kindness, and I was left to take my chances among little savages of my own age in an Indian village.

After a time vengeance came upon my captors in the shape of an expedition from the coast settlements, which exterminated the village and most of its inhabitants. I have been told that I was espied by one of the Virginia soldiers, burrowing like a frightened rabbit under a heap of terror-stricken squaws and papposes. He, thinking that I looked perhaps a shade or two whiter than the rest, caught me by the heel and dragged me out, when it appeared that I was in very truth a white child. My rescuer made some inquiries among the surviving Indian captives, but learned no more than I have told. He noticed, however, that there was a symbol of some kind tattooed with Indian ink

upon my left arm, and, thinking that it might be a means of restoring me to my kindred, and incidentally perhaps of advantage to himself, he slung me in a sack and carried me the long journey on horseback, more dead than alive, till in due time the cavalcade of frontiersmen rode into Richmond Town, laden with the spoils of their raid.

Now as a good Providence would have it, a certain young lady, a noted belle of her day and neighborhood, to wit, Mistress Elizabeth Bassett, was sitting upon her horse in Richmond Main Street, escorted by one Benjamin Harrison, Esq., of Berkeley, whom she afterward married. Seeing the poor little white waif strapped to a load of skins upon a packhorse, her heart was touched, and half in pity, half in mischief, she challenged her cavalier to purchase me from my captor.

So the young squire, being in that obedient frame of mind common to young men when they are paying court to the ladies of their choice, clapped spurs to his horse, clattered up alongside the mountain man, and became my owner upon paying down ten shillings in the King's money.

This transaction did not seem at all extraordinary at the time, for it was only a very few years since the purchase and sale of white bond-servants and "redemp-

tioners" were matters of everyday occurrence. It would not have excited any especial wonderment had it been discovered that I bore a brand somewhere upon my person to indicate lawful ownership. However, the only brand was the mysterious tattoo-mark to which I have referred. My transfer, therefore, from the guardianship of a rough backwoodsman to that of a well-known country gentleman was regarded as a piece of rare good fortune for me.

The young squire rode back to his lady's side, carrying me somewhat gingerly by the slings of my deerskin travelling-sack, which he had bargained for when he made offer for its contents, and when Mistress Bassett and her companions perceived, upon closer inspection, what a dreadful condition I was in from my long journey, they had me taken at once to the nearest available house, where I was washed and fed and mercifully laid away in a crib to sleep off the effects of my long and rough journey.

I have been told that when I was led forth next day, clad in civilized garb, suited to my tender age, I was altogether such a fascinating little white heathen of three or four years, that Mistress Bassett had much ado to prevent my being kidnapped over again, for adoption into some of the best houses of Henrico County.

However, I was sent down to Berkeley in the market-boat belonging to the plantation, and was committed to the care of a competent negro slave woman, who took charge of me as if I had been her own. That was in 1761, and when, in due time, Squire Harrison brought his bride home in a coach and four, she straightway decreed that I must come to the great house and be made a pet of.

All efforts were in vain to determine who I was, though the mysterious symbol upon my left arm was curiously inspected by all the local experts in heraldry. That it was a coat-of-arms, all were agreed, but it had been done by an unskilled hand, and the bearings could not be recognized. So my childhood began under the most favorable conditions possible in America at that early day, and who knows but that I might have become great and famous had my affairs continued as at first?

But a lawful son and heir was presently born to the Harrisons, and the young mother, in her pride and happiness, forgot the poor little foundling of whom she had, until that time, made so much. I endured my neglect as best I could, but at last I suppose the savage instinct of my still earlier training must have asserted itself, for I broke out one day, and in a fit of childish jealousy made a fierce attack upon my baby rival.

Fortunately, my foster-mother entered the room just in time to save her first-born, perhaps from serious harm, for I was a sturdy little barbarian, and fortunately, again, her husband arrived upon the scene in time to prevent her from executing capital punishment upon me.

This unfortunate outburst ended for the time my residence at Berkeley. Madam Harrison's nerves were so unstrung by the occurrence that she could not abide the thought, much less the sight of me about the house, so I was banished to a far-away plantation belonging to the estate, and left there to outgrow my savage instincts, if possible, under the care of the overseer and his wife, who were childless.

They were decent enough folk, he a "redemptioner," Saxon by name, who had served his time and secured his fifty acres of bounty land, and she a woman of the peasant class but lately come over from the old country. They were both almost illiterate, and I grew up without any instruction whatever, save in the matter of obedience and enforced respect to my elders, and most of all in woodcraft, to which I took, as it were, by instinct, having perchance absorbed a certain amount of wild-wood nature during my Shawnee captivity. Thus passed away some ten years of my life.

Berkeley and its luxuries had become dim visions of the past, when one day, as I was going home, with my rifle on one shoulder, and a fine turkey that I had shot, slung over the other, I struck into the home trail most unexpectedly, a hundred yards in front of a gentleman and lady on horseback, followed by a black groom who led a packhorse laden with the saddle portmanteaus of the party.

Travellers were very rare in that remote region, and during all my exile I had never seen such an elegant couple as were those who now approached. Being but a shy backwoods boy, I should probably have slipped into the underbrush and vanished like the wild creature that I was, could I have done so without being seen ; but the gentleman hailed me in a hearty voice, which somehow seemed to have a familiar ring in it, and I could do naught but await their approach.

“That’s a fine gobbler you have there, young man,” and though I felt my face burning painfully at being addressed by so superb a personage, I could not but exhibit my trophy with a hunter’s pride.

“Shot through the head, ’pon my word ; look, Elizabeth, he has a true eye and a sure hand, this lad.”

The lady assented with some words of appreciation, and then, addressing herself to me, “Turn this way and let me see you, my lad ; gentlemen are not wont to

turn their backs upon me in that fashion. No, you need not fear to raise your eyes to mine ; am I, then, so terrible to look at ? ”

The arts of polite jest and raillery were quite outside of my experience ; I trembled and scarce dared to lift my eyes to the kindly blue ones and the fair smiling face that looked down from the tall hunter on which she sat so gracefully.

“ Why, husband,” she cried as soon as she had fairly looked me in the eyes, “ it is our own little Carol ; alas, that I should so remember that dreadful day,” and she turned her face from me and covered her eyes with her hand.

“ Nay, nay, dear, all that is past and gone long since, and probably the lad, if this be he, hath altogether forgotten. Do not recall it, I pray you. What is your name, young man, and how far is it to Saxon’s ? ”

“ My name is Linus, master, and Saxon’s is three ‘ looks ’¹ further on.”

The horses walked, and I strode beside them, well aware, from time to time, that the lady was studying me attentively, though I could not, for the life of me, summon courage to do more than look at her out of the corner of my eye.

¹ A “ look ” is as far as one can see along a winding road.

“Why, how dull we are,” she cried at length in a changed mood, her voice once more taking on the pleasant tone that it had lost when she last spoke. “How dull I am. ‘Linus!’ why, that is short for Carolinus just as truly as was our own pet name, ‘Carol.’ Come around to my side, Carolinus, and give me your hand. You are my foster-child; don’t you remember me?”

She held her gloved hand down toward me, and I timidly grasped it and held on, not knowing in the least what to do with it, for not within my recollection had I seen, much less touched, a lady’s hand.

She laughed presently at my embarrassment, and lightly disengaging her fingers, said, “You have quite forgotten me, I see; well, I am glad of it; we will begin all over again.”

It was not until many years afterwards, that an old, old Virginian lady told me about my desperate attack upon my little foster-brother, and how Mistress Harrison had saved his life.

We had reached the long, low log-cabin, known as “Saxon’s” by this time, and the overseer and his wife received their visitors with what would nowadays be regarded as cringing deference. It soon dawned upon me, as I stood listening after the travellers had dismounted and were seated on puncheons in the “middle-

space," that these were no other than our squire and his lady, persons of whose magnificence I had vaguely heard during my boyhood, but of whose actual existence I had but a very cloudy conception.

Squire Harrison, it appeared, had suddenly determined to visit this outlying portion of his large estate, and as Madam's health and spirits were at their best and the weather fine, she had resolved to ride with him. It was two days' journey distant from Berkeley, and a stop over-night at Saxon's was unavoidable. So one half of the double cabin was given up to the visitors.

The squire and his overseer talked horses, and cattle, and livestock generally, throughout the evening, and my lady appeared to find some amusement in questioning and drawing me on to talk of my backwoods ambitions.

The women of the provincial frontier in those early days were a brave and hardy race, inured to yeoman's service, with axes and rifles, felling the forests and fighting the Indians with like determination and courage. A notable case of hardihood was that of Mrs. Mary Ingles, who only a few years before the time of which I write (1756, to be quite accurate) was carried off by the Shawnees from what is now Montgomery County to the "salt licks" on the Ohio River. Here she met an elderly Dutch woman, also a captive, and the two pres-

ently escaped together; following the Ohio and the Great Kenawha rivers, traversing some three hundred miles of trackless wilderness, living upon corn taken from Indian plantations, and upon such wild fruits as they could find, they reached the settlements in Virginia in forty-three days from the time of their escape from the Indians.

Truly the women must have studied geography under good teachers in those days, although schools and maps were quite unknown to all save the gentle-folk. I question greatly whether many of our educated ladies nowadays would know which way to turn to find their way if they were set down on the banks of a strange river hundreds of miles from home.¹

¹ See colonial records of Virginia. Presumably these rather ill-natured reflections of Sergeant Bassett's were originally made as early as 1845, when there were no women's colleges at all, and the "higher education" had not taken shape. Now, more than half a century later, it is to be assumed that all educated Americans know at least the general topographical features of their country, and could find their way home without chart or compass if lost beside any of the principal watercourses or upon any of the mountain ranges. — EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

I AM RECALLED FROM EXILE.

MOTHER SAXON, the overseer's wife, was a true frontier Amazon whom I regarded with a mixture of admiration and awe, for she was a stern woman who never hesitated to use the tough hickory wiping-stick of her husband's rifle as an instrument of domestic discipline. She too had been carried off by the Shawnees in her time, but it was only a small scouting party of three young braves who came down upon the house during her husband's absence, took her by surprise and carried her off with them. She came back, however, two days afterward bringing the three rifles and three scalp-locks in proof of her prowess.

Kind enough she had ever been to me after the rough frontier fashion, and since the only women that I remembered at all were of her sort, you may fancy what new sensations were awakened in my boyish heart when I found myself in the presence of a high-born Virginian dame, whose ways were gentle and who had an air of

authority that was not lost even upon Mother Saxon herself.

She sat in a rude, home-made rocking-chair shading her eyes from the firelight with one hand, and I watched her in a sort of trance from beside the hearthstone and answered her questions as best I might in a dream. For she had awakened within me dim, mysterious visions which I have never been quite able to account for, though they have revived at intervals all through my long life.

When Squire Harrison had ended his talk with the overseer in the other half of the cabin, he came in where my lady and I were sitting and asked in his bluff, cheery fashion, how I liked my foster-mother. But I was tongue-tied, and hung my head for very embarrassment, and my lady said to me, "Carol, lad, is there not a strange blue mark upon your left arm? I think I remember such when you were little. Pull up your sleeve and let us see."

I silently obeyed, and the two examined the mark in the twilight with nods and glances at each other that were quite unintelligible to me. Then the squire, at my lady's suggestion, drew from his wallet a slip of paper upon which was printed something that was not unlike what the Saxons called my "brand." After comparing them apparently to their satisfaction, I was

dismissed, the squire shaking hands, and my lady, to my great confusion, kissing me on the cheek for good-night.

I had never at that time seen any one kissed save now and then a baby at some mountaineer's cabin, and it was altogether a new idea that it could be done at all to a grown boy like me. However, I survived it and the next morning I was informed that I was to bid farewell to "Saxon's," and ride back with the squire and his lady to what was then well-nigh the centre of colonial civilization and culture.

My belongings were very few, and but for my lady's intercession I should hardly have been allowed to carry away anything beyond the clothes I stood in, which were partly of homespun and partly of tanned deerskin. The squire made it right with the overseer, however, and I rode away on my own horse that I had raised from a colt, and with my own rifle — one of those that Mother Saxon had triumphantly brought back from her Indian foray — resting upon my saddle-bow.

So we rode off down the mountain trail, and in a few hours were far beyond the bounds of my previous explorations. The only incident of the ride that is worth repeating occurred where we halted for the night at a friendly cabin. I lay on a blanket in the main room, but through the board partition overheard my lady

mention my name, and the squire replied, "No, no, my dear, I positively forbid it; there is no certainty, and it might put foolish notions into his head that would spoil him for the kind of life that he will have to lead. Wait and see how he turns out."

I fancied there was something a bit rebellious in my lady's tone as the dialogue continued, but she said nothing to me afterward, and it was not until after the battle of Tippecanoe, where I was sorely wounded, that I learned that my "brand" was in fact the escutcheon of one of Prince Rupert's officers who had the luck to escape to America when Cromwell ousted the cavaliers from England after the battle of Naseby, in 1646.

My home-coming to Berkeley was in the autumn of 1773, and we rode up to the door amid a great barking of dogs and joyous welcome from the children and house servants. There were two boys, now, both much younger than I, one of them no doubt the very one whom I had attacked in my early infancy and been banished to the mountains in consequence. Besides these there was a baby in the arms of his black "mammy," who after having been rapturously kissed by his mamma turned his head about and held out his arms toward me. Now I had never seen much of babies, and boy-like had no special fancy for them. But when Mistress Harrison bade me take this little

fellow in my arms, I felt a most unaccountable attraction toward him.

"We call him Will for short," she said, "but his full name is William Henry Harrison. His father wanted it to be Patrick Henry, but we compromised on William."

I had never heard of Patrick Henry in my backwoods home. Indeed, that afterwards famous orator had not as yet greatly distinguished himself, but I was discreet enough to hold my tongue and not expose my ignorance.

Will was only eight months old at this time, having been born on the 9th of February of that same year (1773). Inasmuch as this story has mainly to do with him, I may say that when he died sixty-eight years afterward he was President of the United States. Before he attained that honor, however, he had passed through many perils by flood and field, and had done as much perhaps as any other one man to develop the great Northwestern Territory, and unconsciously to shape the destinies of many millions of people.

Assuming 1757 as the date of my own birth, I was sixteen years old at the time of my return to Berkeley, but as simple and ignorant as a child of seven, and withal very much perplexed and astonished by the magnificence that I saw about me in this Virginian mansion beside the James River. I must have had some native intelligence, however; for, encouraged by Mistress Har-

risson, I soon found myself learning my letters and making rapid progress toward reading and writing, and I began, as my brain awakened into activity after its long period of neglect, to feel an interest in what was going on around me. Only a little more than a mile below Berkeley on the river bank was Westover, the stateliest of old Virginian mansions. A few miles farther on was Williamstown, the seat of colonial government, where Lord Dunmore held court by decree of his majesty George the Fourth. Up stream, again, was Richmond, a very hotbed of disloyalty in the estimation of the governor. Rarely a day passed without one or another of the leading men of the time stopping to dine with Squire Harrison, as they rode about the country on business or pleasure, and thus I came to know most of the public men by sight, and was soon aware that Lord Dunmore had provoked much resentment by tarrying in New York for several months after his appointment as governor of Virginia, taxing the colony meanwhile, as was alleged, to pay his own expenses in the gay northern city.

There was much indignant talk, too, about "taxation without representation" and the like, of which, by dint of listening and asking cautious questions, I managed to get some understanding.

We heard of the Boston tea-party (16 December,

1773) shortly after Christmas of that year, and in the following spring (March 25, 1774) Boston paid the penalty by having her rights as a seaport withdrawn, and General Gage stationed with a force of soldiers, to see that she behaved herself.

Squire Harrison was away from home much of the time now; committees were forming in all the colonies to take steps in regard to the crisis that was evidently approaching, and his presence and counsel were constantly in demand. There was a tradition in the neighborhood that the founder of the American branch of the family was General Thomas Harrison, one of Cromwell's trusted officers, who was hanged after the restoration for the part he bore in the trial and execution of Charles the First.¹

The tradition referred to gained currency as the patriot cause gained strength. Regicides were not very popular while the country remained loyal, but as soon as people began to defy the crown, their popularity quickly came to the fore. Again, descendants

¹ This is discredited by the best modern authority, Mr. Charles Penrose Keith, who has been unable to trace the line beyond one Benjamin Harrison who came to Virginia from the Bermudas about 1629, and was appointed clerk of council by Governor Hardy — a fact which certifies that he must have been a man of education and experience in public affairs. To him were made various grants of land, and beyond him the family has not been authoritatively traced.

of the Roundheads were not so much inclined to conceal their record. At all events the Harrisons were a very distinguished Virginian family, and although I was not exactly of them, I was among them, as a sort of recognized dependent and was as proud as they themselves of their supposed ancestry. This too, while all unconsciously I bore upon my arm the badge of a Royalist cavalier.

My young squire had been elected to the House of Burgesses before his marriage, when only twenty-one years of age, and the governor recognizing his abilities offered him a place on the executive council so as to secure his services for the crown. The squire would not hear of that, however, and in 1774 he was chosen one of the deputies to attend the meeting of the first congress at Philadelphia. Thus it happened that I witnessed one of the very earliest incidents of the Revolutionary struggle.

The congress was in session at Philadelphia, but it was expected to adjourn early in November, and Mistress Harrison determined to take the children, and with me for escort and attendant, besides the usual retinue of black servants, sail up to Baltimore and so bring her husband home.

All the coastwise planters in those days kept barges and coasting craft, often quite a little fleet, for sending

produce to market and engaging in other traffic, sending their vessels sometimes even beyond seas and not always, it is to be feared, refraining from expeditions which might very fairly be considered piratical. It was an easy matter to drop down the James to Hampton and thence sail up Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore, which was only a short ride from Philadelphia itself.

We sailed accordingly early in October, and found ourselves weatherbound in Annapolis harbor some three days later. The old town was in quite a fever of excitement; it was relatively a more important place then than it is now. The brig *Peggy Stewart* had just arrived with a quantity of tea, and without pausing to consider the consequences, the consignee, having in mind only his legitimate mercantile gains, had thoughtlessly paid the duty, thereby recognizing the right of Parliament to exact the obnoxious tax against which the colonies were protesting.

Mistress Harrison had plenty of friends in the town, and we had no lack of entertainment, passing much of our time on shore, while waiting for the wind to become favorable. The whole neighborhood was up in arms about the tea, threatening the importers with tar and feathers as the very lightest punishment suited to the enormity of their crime, and indeed their very

lives were in such danger that even Charles Carroll of Carrollton advised the culprits to burn the brig and her cargo in order to save their own lives and property as well as vindicate the honor of the colony. Of course this state of mind was largely inspired by the Boston tea-party which I have already mentioned; the Marylanders not wishing to be one whit behind their Massachusetts brethren in actively protesting against the tyranny of King George's ministers.

We Virginians were all on board our own vessel anchored a little distance out from the landing, having been advised by our weatherwise sailing-master that a favorable change in the wind was at hand. All on a sudden we heard shouting and clamor, and a great mob on foot and on horseback came thronging down to the wharf where the *Peggy Stewart* was tied up with her objectionable cargo of tea below hatches.

We could see Mr. Williams and Mr. Stewart, the consignees and owners, pale and frightened, surrounded by a party of well-known gentlemen, who seemed to be endeavoring to keep back the mob and who were finding some difficulty in the task.

At last, however, they got safely aboard the *Peggy*, the fasts were cast off, her head-sails hoisted, and she was run across the harbor, where she took ground, and was set on fire by Mr. Stewart himself, who was glad

enough to make this seemingly needless sacrifice of his brig in order to escape with a whole skin.

All this time the crowd had been increasing, till, as it seemed, the whole population of the town was on hand to watch the burning. Such was the "Annapolis tea-party," a bolder defiance of British authority in its way, than was the Boston tea-party of the preceding winter.

The wind changed while the wreck of the *Peggy* was still aflame, so we made sail and got up our anchor, when somebody in the crowd on shore recognized the Berkeley house-pennant at the gaff, and started three cheers for Benjamin Harrison of Virginia. As the crowd had nothing else to do, the cheers were taken up by others as we got way on, and so we set sail for Baltimore amid quite a patriotic ovation, to which little Will Harrison listened, and at which he looked, little guessing that the same crowd would be cheering him on his own account before many years had passed.

It was not until November 4th (1774) that the famous Declaration of Rights was passed by the Congress at Philadelphia, and shortly afterward Squire Harrison joined us, having ridden over on horseback, and we sailed back to Virginia, where we found that Lord Dunmore had an Indian war on his hands, under circumstances that still farther incensed the colonies against

him and his administration. Matters went from bad to worse till he organized a guard of negroes for his "palace" in Williamsburg, and threatened to issue an emancipation proclamation stirring up a servile insurrection, if the rebels did not cease their treasonable proceedings.

Patrick Henry was a frequent visitor at Berkeley, and one of my earliest recollections is having heard him deliver that famous speech containing the now familiar passage beginning, "Gentlemen may cry 'Peace, Peace,' but there is no peace." The following spring (1775), on the 30th day of April, we received news of the affair of Lexington and Concord eleven days before. The news was carried by mounted messengers from the headquarters of one committee of safety to the next, and so in just twenty days it went from Boston to Charleston—wonderfully quick work for that time.

Amidst such scenes as these did my little playmate Will Harrison begin to listen and comprehend. He was nearly two and a half years old when news came of the fight at Bunker's Hill, and my martial enthusiasm was naturally aroused to a very high pitch. I used in those days to carry little Will in my arms down to the river bank, in deep distress of mind, and discourse to him at great length of my warlike aspirations, while he would listen to me wide-eyed, and, as I fancied, with a

certain degree of comprehension. At all events it was unspeakable comfort to have him to confide in, knowing that he could not well betray any of my secrets, any more than could my deer-hound who generally made one of the party.

CHAPTER III.

WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE.

I WAS now nearly eighteen years of age, one of the best horsemen in Charles City County, and, in my own estimation, at least the best rifle shot between James River and the Chickahominy. Many a younger lad had already faced the flash of British guns in several of the colonies, and even in Canada on the precipitous rocks of Quebec, when, on the last day of the year 1775, the gallant Montgomery fell when success seemed almost within his grasp.

Squire Harrison, as I have said, was absent from home a great part of the time, and had learned to trust to me as a sort of sentry permanently on duty about the home premises. Under the circumstances I could hardly desert my post; though, when news of fighting was brought to us by some chance messenger, it was with difficulty that I could restrain myself from saddling my horse and riding away to join the partisan rangers in the Carolina plantations. However, I found great relief to my feelings in one special department of

my duties. I held from the squire a sort of roving commission as a general purveyor of venison and wild turkey for the family table; and, as he always took good care to keep me supplied with a Kentucky rifle of the best make and plenty of ammunition, I was fain to content myself with hunting-expeditions that sometimes reached far into the mountains, and once or twice gave me a little taste of Indian fighting, for the war had drawn so many men away from the border that the Indians were again becoming troublesome, even along the edge of the old settlements.

Again, it was no unusual occurrence for some uncle or cousin of the Harrisons who was in the army to stay for several days at Berkeley; and, upon these occasions, I could ride far afield and camp in the wilds over-night, usually returning on foot, leading my horse laden with all that he could carry in the way of game. Thus did I become tireless afoot or on horseback, and my skill with the rifle began to be noised abroad wherever men got together to talk about shooting and firearms, as almost everybody did of an evening in those days.

One diversion, in which the Harrison boys and I found great satisfaction, was a moving target made in the similitude of a British grenadier. The two older of the Harrison boys had now reached the age when everything in the shape of firearms possessed boundless

attractions for them, but they were too young to be allowed to imperil the lives of their fellow-beings without proper supervision, and in those days there were no Chinese firecrackers to be let off instead of actual guns. Accordingly, they would often tease me to take my rifle and give them lessons in shooting at a mark. One of these boys was quite a mechanical genius, and one day he called me to see a contrivance that he had set up in the shallow current of a little stream that wound down across the plantation to the James River not far from the house. It was nothing more than a stake driven down into the bottom of the creek with a wheel or spool loosely fitted about it and floating at the surface of the water.

The mysterious part of the machine was that this wheel kept revolving steadily in the current, without any apparent reason, till he lifted it off the stake and showed me the under side where he had fastened some flaps of leather which caught the current on one half of the wheel as it revolved and lay flat on the other half, so that the wheel was kept turning round and round steadily by the movement of the current.

But this was not all. When I had sufficiently admired the ingenuity of the contrivance, what did my little companion do but pull out a coil of line from a hollow stump where he had hidden it. Upon this he

had fitted some cone-shaped floats, and tied the two ends together, so that a sort of an endless chain of floats was formed, all of them with their sharp ends pointing in the same direction. Throwing a bight of the line over the revolving wheel, which was grooved in its rim, he let the rest of it float down stream. Upon this, all the floats on the hither side of the wheel began to travel up stream against the current, while those on the farther side went down stream till they came to the turn at the lower bight of the line, when they turned, and so followed one another in ceaseless procession up stream and down stream.

“What will you do with it now you have it working?” I asked.

“Ah, I’ll soon show you.” And with that he dived again into his hollow stump and fetched some little red-painted manikins like British redcoats. These he attached to his floats at intervals, and the queer little procession began its march, looking, at a little distance, quite like miniature soldiers of the king. I laughed till I nearly cried at the ingenious device, and so praised the inventor that he revealed to me the rest of his scheme, which was to anchor this contrivance for a moving target out in the stream of James River, where we could shoot at the moving figures with the rifle, and make believe that they were genuine redcoats, and that

we were in very fact sending our bullets at the soldiers of King George. So we took the apparatus over to the river, and anchored it in the edge of the channel where the tide would cause the manikins to march up and down on the surface of the water in whichever way the tide happened to be running.

The sport of shooting at a moving target proved so fascinating that after having shot the little figures all to pieces, we immediately set to work to make two or three life-size British grenadiers, rig them on floats and set up a treadmill for them farther out from shore. Thus they would perpetually walk their beats like sentries, and we could practise at them with rifles to better satisfaction than had been the case with the little manikins.

So we went to work in secret and presently had our machine in working order. Squire Harrison was soon expected home to spend a brief recess of the Congress, and we planned to give him a surprise upon his arrival. Several of the Virginia delegation came down from Baltimore by the regular Richmond packet boat, a sailing-sloop popularly known as the *Tarrapin*, whose trips were regular only as wind and tide permitted.

The *Tarrapin* had been sighted from the bluffs the day before coming down the Chesapeake, but that was late in the afternoon, so we did not expect her

that day. She had some passengers to land at Westover on the morning of her arrival, and having set them ashore, she filled away again for Harrison's landing.

No sooner had they got away from Westover than somebody discovered what looked to be scarlet-coated soldiers solemnly stalking to and fro on the surface of the water opposite Berkeley. Now there had been a few raids of the British from time to time along the coast, and it was not by any means outside the range of possibility that a party of them might have landed south of the river, and come up to threaten the midland plantations. Of course nobody stopped to consider the impossibility of a British grenadier walking on the surface of the James River. There they were at all events, and a great commotion was at once visible on the deck of the sloop. She was thrown sharply up in the wind, the skipper got out his glass, and it was said that some of the delegates made ready their pistols and examined the priming in anticipation of a brush with the enemy.

The Berkeley household were all down at the landing to welcome the returning delegates, and when the sloop luffed on discovering the redcoats, Mistress Harrison signalled to her eldest boy to hoist the colors on the flagstaff that stood at the landing. The flag was run up in a ball, and broken out by a jerk of the

halyard, when it was mastheaded in true man-o'-war style.

This flag had a history of its own. It was not exactly like the one that now floats from ten thousand mastheads, and is known on every sea. This one had its origin at one of the early sessions of the Continental Congress, where our own Squire Harrison was appointed in company with Benjamin Franklin and Mr. Thomas Lynch to consider the question of a flag for the new republic, or whatever the coming independent nation might turn out to be, for whether it should be a republic or not was not very clear at that time in the minds of its projectors. This committee held its sittings, I believe, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, whither its members had gone on some congressional business. Boston was then held by the British, and the committee, after consultation, devised a flag which was hoisted over the American works and in sight of the enemy. From the description of this flag, sent home by her husband, Mistress Harrison and her housemaids made the one that we hoisted at the landing-place in honor of the squire's return. It bore the familiar thirteen stripes of our present flag, but instead of the galaxy of stars on a blue field there were the king's colors, that is to say, the cross of St. George. This device was not very popular, and it was super-

seded before long;¹ but it served our purpose well enough for this occasion, and was received with due enthusiasm, for not many of the spectators had ever seen an American flag at that time.

The idea of the committee seems to have been not to indicate in the design a revolt against the sovereignty of England, but rather to express the idea of a union of the colonies. Indeed, when the British saw this unknown flag hoisted over the American camp near Boston, and made out the Union Jack in the corner, they thought that the Americans had decided to surrender and resume their allegiance to the British crown.

All the rifles and muskets in the house had been brought down to the landing and carefully loaded, and just as the flag floated free, we all opened fire on the redcoat targets. Some of the guns were old Queen Anne musketoons with which troops were wont to blaze away at each other in those days with fatal results when they were at very close quarters, so we sent quite a shower of big round bullets splashing about the feet of the targets, for at that distance the old-fashioned pieces could not be depended upon for accuracy.

Cheers and much laughter rose from the sloop as

¹ Namely, on June 14, 1777, when Congress adopted the stars on a blue ground for the union.

the passengers discovered the ruse. The helm was put down, the sails filled again, and the *Tarrapin* came bowling up stream. As it was near slack high water, she let her sails come down by the run, forged up to the wharf in good shape, got a line ashore and made fast. Squire Harrison took a pierhead jump, and straightway received a most loving welcome from his wife and children.

But while the freight and luggage was unloading, the other passengers did not forget the marvel of the moving target, and I was soon surrounded by a curious group, to whom I had to explain the whole mechanism of the thing, and was finally called upon to show what I could do with the rifle. I declined to fire until Squire Harrison was appealed to by one of his fellow-members, upon which he turned from his family, shook hands cordially with me, and asked if I could hit one of the redcoats.

I replied that I thought I could, and stepping to the pierhead, threw the rifle to my shoulder, and sent a bullet through one of the moving figures just as he turned to go down stream. Everybody heard the ball strike the target, but could not at that distance tell precisely where it had hit. So nothing would do but a boat must go over and locate the wound.

It turned out that my shot had gone so near the

heart that the British grenadier was pronounced as good as dead, and I was made much of ; and Squire Harrison was roundly told that it was his plain duty to let me enlist, and go where my marksmanship would do some good.

The squire said nothing at the time, but before his visit was over he sent for me into his library one day, and told me that if I was so minded he should place no obstacle in the way of my enlisting in the patriotic cause.

So it came about that on the 4th of July, 1777, just one year after the Declaration of Independence was signed, I was ferried across the York River with my horse, after bidding farewell to my dear foster-mother and little four-year-old Will, and away I rode, following the post road to the northward, where I joined the army commanded by Washington, and bore my part as well as I knew how in the tedious campaigns that included Burgoyne's surrender in October, and Washington's victory at Monmouth in June of 1778.

I carried letters from Squire Harrison to friends in the army, but now for the first time I ran squarely against the disadvantage of having had no education. I was a capital fighting-man and had an excellent memory for anything that I could understand, but when it came to reading or writing I was not good for much, though I had made some little progress in that direction since my recall from the backwoods.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF CAMDEN — ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

I SHALL not waste any more words on my own personal experiences, save to say that when the British took Charleston in May, 1780, and began their campaigns in the Carolinas, I was ordered South. General Gates, who had won great fame as the conqueror of Burgoyne, was sent to conduct this campaign against Cornwallis in the South, and I had the misfortune to be in the thick of the disastrous action at Sander's Creek near Camden, South Carolina, on August 20, 1780. The American army was utterly routed, and I was for a time counted as one of the thousand or more killed, wounded, and missing. More lucky than many of my comrades, however, I was only wounded and took good care to remain "missing." It was not difficult for such a born woodsman to subsist, so I lay in hiding just outside the British lines till I had an opportunity to capture a fine horse from a trooper who was heedlessly riding through the pine woods.

It was more than three hundred miles to the James River, and I was near ten days traversing North Caro-

lina. When I rode into the stable yard at Berkeley I should have fallen out of my saddle, had not one of the boys caught me as I tried to dismount. Travel-stained, gaunt, bandaged as I was, no wonder they hardly recognized me, but word was soon carried to the house, and I was presently partaking of a repast the like of which I had not seen for many a day.

My wound, however, was not very serious, else I could never have survived the long horseback ride from Camden. Rest and care soon fitted me to resume my old place in the domestic economy until such time as I should be sufficiently recovered to return to duty.

It was more than three years since I had seen any of my patron's family; three years of marchings and counter-marchings, of campaigns on foot and on horseback, of skirmishings, of defeats, and now and then a little taste of victory that cheered us all up wonderfully and made us feel that we were not fighting in vain. Of course I had become bronzed and rugged with exposure and had grown older, but that was only in appearance. I was as young at heart as when I had taken my first shot at the make-believe British redcoats marching their beat on the surface of the James River. Little Will Harrison had outgrown his baby frocks and was already become a stout lad

of seven, and the other boys and girls too had grown apace, but I was at once made to feel that I was no stranger, was assigned quarters in the overseer's house, which chanced to be vacant, and which soon became a favorite resort for little Will and his brothers and sisters, who found the returned soldier an agreeable companion.

Squire Harrison was a prominent member of the Continental Congress when I rode away to the wars, and so remained till '78, when he returned home and was chosen speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, then sitting at Williamsburg.

It was often possible for him to ride home for a Sunday and spend the night at other times, and he persuaded me to undertake the organization of a company of irregular horse recruited as home guards in the neighborhood. I could do this in a region where I was known although I should not have been considered competent to hold a regular commission in the Continental line or even in the Virginia militia. So I was duly detailed from my old regiment for special duty, and soon had my company of home guards in fairly good shape considering our lack of uniform equipments.

The three Harrison boys were privileged characters about our camp and were allowed to ride over almost

whenever they liked; but little Will, although the youngest, was by far the most promising soldier of the family, though in spite of his proficiency and aptitude in all matters of drill, he was not in the least quarrelsome amongst his fellows or domineering even among the little slave children at the negro quarters. So apt was he at the drill that before the New Year of 1780 came in he had organized the little black pickaninnies into a company, arming them with sticks and actually brought them to quite a creditable degree of efficiency for such a ragged, irresponsible set of beggars as they were.

The dreadful news of Arnold's treason reached Virginia in October, several days of course after its occurrence, and caused, as you well may guess, deep indignation among those who had the cause of independence at heart. We little thought that we of the James River counties should be the first to feel the weight of the traitor's sword, for thus far the war had come to us only as a distant murmur. There had been now and then a British man-of-war anchored down at Old Point, and occasionally expeditions had been landed south of the James. You might have climbed Richmond Hill on any sunny day in December, 1780, and you could not have seen anything to indicate that the most powerful monarch in the world



“‘ROUSE, ROUSE YE!’ HE SHOUTED.”

had been trying for years to hoist his flag over that fair land.

But on the last night save one of the year a courier dashed in at the gateway and pulled up with a clatter at the house door at dead of night. The mansion was dark, only one or two night lights burning in silent chambers.

“Rouse, rouse ye,” he shouted, pounding on the door with the butt of his pistol. “Arnold is at Hampton with the King’s ships and three thousand redcoats.”

I was awakened by the noise, and the house was in a tumult at once. Getting quickly to horse, I rode away to assemble my troops, and the last thing that I saw by a blaze of torches in the quarters was little Will mustering his troop of black pickaninies in front of the overseer’s house. The squire, who was at home, galloped off to Westover as soon as ever he could dress and mount, and as I rode swiftly from house to house along the countryside, routing out my men, I could not but laugh over and over again, remembering little Will and his troop of black infants in the quarters.

We need not have been in so very much haste, for there was small likelihood that the invaders would be likely to come up the river or even to make a landing before daylight. Indeed, it was not until

four days later that Arnold pushed his advance up the river, landing just below Berkeley with Colonel Simcoe's horse and making but small account of such resistance as we were able to offer. Virginia had sent her best troops to the North, with Washington, and the cool-headed ones among us from the governor, Thomas Jefferson, at Richmond, down to the poorest planter who had anything to lose were not anxious to provoke the destruction of private property by making a stand when there was no possibility of success.

I and my troop had the satisfaction of making it unsafe for the British to ride recklessly about, and we had several pretty little skirmishes with them among the hills and forests bordering the James. But in spite of all we could do they pushed their way to Richmond and beyond, destroying great quantities of tobacco and stores, both public and private. But General Steuben soon collected an American force sufficient to restrain them for a time within their intrenchments at Portsmouth. Now indeed we began to realize that the war was at our doors, and we were in a constant state of excitement and anxiety. Scarcely a day passed that some of Tarleton's dreaded troopers did not ride into the yard, usually in sufficient force to overawe all possible resistance.

Lord Cornwallis had by this time abandoned his campaign in the Carolinas, and marched northward into Virginia to effect a junction with the forces already there. Washington, seeing that the militia was unable to hold its own in Virginia, and that a crisis was evidently approaching in that vicinity, sent Lafayette with twelve hundred Continental light infantry to Richmond. The gallant young French marquis was very short of horsemen, but once or twice when he could muster an escort he rode down to Berkeley and Westover and cheered us up amazingly with what he said. As I remember him, he was somewhat less gay and buoyant in bearing than most Frenchmen, but he had a very winning smile and gained the hearts of old and young alike.

Those were indeed exciting times, for Washington and Rochambeau came quickly down with further reinforcements from the North, and the French fleet of De Grasse lay in Lynn Haven Bay ready to aid in whatever way might seem most effective. Twenty-four ships of the line there were, manned by nineteen thousand seamen, and we almost fancied sometimes, when the wind was in the right direction, that we could hear their heavy guns when they were at target practice, or, perhaps, it might be beginning an engagement with the British fleet that might reasonably be expected at any time.

It was on the fifth of September, that the British fleet, under Admirals Graves and Hood, actually made its appearance off the Virginia capes, with nineteen great ships of the line manned by thirteen thousand English mariners. No English naval officer, at that day, would hesitate for an instant to face such odds as these on blue water, so the British stood off and on outside the capes, and De Grasse made sail and went out to sea to give them their wish. A good many of the people thereabout who got wind of what was going on rode down the peninsula where they could see the fleet get under way, but they had small satisfaction, for it was four o'clock in the afternoon before the engagement began, at such a distance that it was hardly to be seen from the Virginia shore. At sunset the advantage was so far with the French that seven of the British ships were disabled. The French were content, next day, to let well enough alone, unless Johnny Bull was determined to fight it out, but for once, he had had enough of French gunnery, and after waiting a few days outside the Chesapeake, sailed back to New York, leaving De Grasse master of the situation.

By October, the British were hopelessly cooped up inside their lines at Yorktown. Then began the regular siege operations. I, being well mounted, was charged, for the most part, with bearing despatches. Often I

was sent up as far as Richmond, and could frequently manage to call at Berkeley, giving the latest news of the siege, and at last, about the middle of October, Will, who had been fretting at his inability to see what was going on, so near at hand, somehow managed to get his mother's consent that he should ride with me and spend a day or two in camp. I being responsible that he should run into no kind of danger.

You may think, perhaps, that it was a good deal of a journey for a young boy of seven years to undertake on horseback, but Virginian lads of that day made nothing of even longer rides than this, so that it was nothing extraordinary for him to ride to the front under suitable escort such as I flattered myself I could give him.

The investment of Yorktown by the American forces and their allies, the French, had now been complete for several days. The outworks of the British had been carried by storm, the French taking one and the Americans the other, and the bombardment of the crumbling earthworks was incessant. The allied camp was established out of range of the British guns, my own tent being but a short distance from Washington's headquarters, where he and his staff had pitched their tents about midway of the American lines. We could hardly have been better situated for my young charge

to see what was going on. The different generals of division were often in consultation with the commander-in-chief, kindly General Lincoln, the stern old Baron Steuben, the dashing young Marquis of Lafayette, and others almost as well known, were likely to ride up at any hour of the day and night, and there was a ceaseless bustle of staff officers and mounted orderlies riding back and forth on all sorts of errands.

Master Will had insisted upon wearing a buckskin hunting-shirt, that was his nearest approach to a military uniform. This, with a coonskin cap, made him look quite like the uniformed companies of riflemen, and as his outfit was not unlike my own, we attracted a good deal of attention in riding about. When we went past the headquarters guard, he on his little Indian pony, and I on my tall Kentucky thoroughbred, we made quite a stir. The sentry on post, when certain that the officer of the guard was not in sight, would sometimes bring his piece to a present, as if saluting a field officer, and little Will sat up very straight in his saddle and touched his cap in acknowledgment of the salute, with all the dignity of a veteran.

Of course the little fellow was very tired with his long ride, but nothing would do short of mounting to the roof of a house that stood within our lines, whence we could look down toward Yorktown and see the shells.

bursting over the fortress and around the British ensign that floated from the flagstaff. There we stayed till the sun was almost set, watching the long line of earthworks and the puffs of white smoke which showed where the fight was on.

Will was rather disappointed with the show, and indeed there is little excitement in seeing a combat from a safe distance. Men and horses look like pygmies, and when one falls to the ground you do not at all realize that perhaps he is writhing in his death agony, or dreadfully mangled, and perhaps killed outright. It is as if a toy rider were to fall from a toy horse. We were too far away to see the carnage and hear the whistle of bullets, and the howl of heavier projectiles, and tired as he was, my little fighting man asked to be taken directly to the advance parallel.

I would not listen to this, of course, so after seeing the night reliefs march out, and although my young master resolutely declared his intention of staying awake till taps, like all the rest of the soldiers, sleep overcame him before tattoo, and I laid him away on blankets in the corner of my tent, where he slept the sleep of tired boyhood, till the rattling drums of reveille waked him at five o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER V.

YORKTOWN.

IT was hardly light enough to see, but the guns were pounding away sullenly, as indeed they had been doing all night long. Of necessity Will had slept in his clothes and looked rather the worse for wear, but I made shift to get him washed and combed after a fashion, so that when breakfast was over he looked almost as well as he had done the day before.

Our horses, which I had seen well attended to in the early morning, were waiting for us, and we mounted to make the rounds of the intrenchments, but our ride was unexpectedly interrupted. The sergeant of the headquarters guard hailed me as we rode past. He was an old comrade of mine in the Northern campaigns.

"Do you know what day this is?" said he.

"Yes, it's a Wednesday."

"What day of the month, I mean."

"Nay, that's too much for my arithmetic," said I.

"'Tis October, and that's all I know about it."

"Why, man, have you forgotten? It's the glorious

seventeenth, the day we helped Burgoyne to surrender up at Saratoga."

"So 'tis," said I, thinking a moment, "and here's hoping my Lord Cornwallis will celebrate the anniversary as befits. It must be getting pretty warm for him inside the works there."

We rode on, and as we passed in front of headquarters tent, who should appear in front of the marquee, having probably just finished their breakfast, but Washington and Lafayette. They were both in the buff and blue Continental uniform, and as both were somewhat careful in the matter of their dress, they looked very gallant and gay like the officers and gentlemen that they were.

They stood talking in the sunshine as we rode by with our right hands to our caps in salute. The comical contrast between the miniature rifleman on his pony and the big one on his charger must have caught Washington's eye as we passed. The Marquis of Lafayette called after us:

"Ho, there, my little man, come back here; your general wants you."

Will wheeled his pony and cantered back to where the two gentlemen were standing. They looked smilingly at him, for he was a frank, handsome youngster, and very taking withal in his rifleman's costume.

"Who are you, my lad?" asked Washington.

"William Henry Harrison, sir."

"Ah, a son of my old friend Harrison of Berkeley, perhaps."

"Yes, sir."

"I know your father and mother well, my lad. You may present my compliments to them. But how came you here?"

Upon this Will told him how he had overpersuaded his mother, and was here under my charge to see the fight. Washington glanced at me, to whom Will referred as his guardian, and said a few words of warning as to not taking the boy where he would get under fire. With a few more kindly words we were dismissed and rode away, visiting such places as seemed to us favorable for observation.

Familiarity breeds contempt, and Will was enticing me on from one parallel to another till we got pretty well up to the front in spite of the general's caution. It was just about mid-forenoon when, as we were opposite one of the least damaged of the British earthworks, a drummer in his scarlet uniform coat with white patches on the shoulder mounted the parapet from within, disregarding the shot that whistled about him, and at the same instant an officer sprang up beside him, standing upon the parapet and waving a white handkerchief.

The first impression among our gunners was that a sortie was to be made, and word passed down the line to stand steady and load with grape. Not a sound could be heard from the drum, for the thunder of the American guns, but he was making his sticks fly vigorously.

Then it dawned upon somebody what was in the wind. "Cease firing," he shouted, "cease firing; it's a parley!" and with that the word passed along the line right and left, the firing died away, and French and American gunners mounted their carriages and sat openly in the embrasures, the better to see what was doing.

We ran forward into the nearest battery, whence we could look over and see the redcoats lining their own parapets less than two hundred yards away.

The British officer came toward us with the drummer still beating his sheepskin, and one of our own officers met him halfway between the lines, blindfolded him, and led to headquarters. In half an hour it was known throughout the army that negotiations for surrender were in progress. To the general officers who had the cause of independence at heart, and who understood the situation better than we did, that was probably almost the happiest and proudest moment of their lives. The nameless drummer-boy who came out and

sounded the parley actually gave the first official sign that Great Britain was tired of the fight.

My first thought was that the squire and Mistress Harrison must be notified, for I knew that they would greatly desire to behold the surrender with their own eyes, so I hurried away to my quarters and sent off one of the best mounted men with the news to Westover and Berkeley, and as many other places as lay in his way. Old soldiers may think it strange that I, a mounted rifleman nominally in command of a little squad of my mates, should have been allowed to come and go much as I liked, but there was at that time a considerable class of frontiersmen and mountaineers who were irregulars in a strictly military sense, but very regular as regards duty and honesty and sobriety. Of such men was Colonel Cresap's famous battalion composed, which marched all the way from the Virginian mountains to New York, losing hardly a single man in all those miles till they reported with full ranks to General Washington.

When I heard that negotiations for the surrender were in progress, I remembered that it had taken at least a day or two to arrange matters for Burgoyne's surrender nearly three years before, so I shrewdly concluded that there would be time enough for a family party to drive down and witness the final ceremony.

The long hours of waiting while the commissioners were consulting over the conditions of surrender in Mr. Moore's house were not without their excitement. We knew that the British fleet having repaired its crippled ships and received reinforcements at the North might at any moment make its appearance in the offing, and enable Cornwallis to negotiate better terms of surrender. Of course, lines of sentries were established between the two armies to keep stragglers from both sides out of mischief; but the burly, well-fed redcoats were lying about carelessly on the crest of their earth-works, and our own slighter built but taller fellows were on theirs in their tattered blue coats and three-cornered hats, such as had them.

The rank and file of both sides seemed to take especial delight in keeping each other well in sight without obscuring clouds of powder-smoke, and without the accompaniment of whistling bullets and a possible thrust of steel.

It took all day of October the 18th to draw up the Fourteen Articles of Capitulation, and fair copies were not ready for signature till the morning of the 19th, by which time a goodly number of people, including a party from Berkeley, had driven or ridden down the peninsula to see what they could of what proved almost the concluding act of the Revolutionary War. Wash-

ington was, however, considerate enough of the feelings of his conquered foes to establish lines at some distance back from the camp beyond which civilian spectators were not allowed to pass. He could not, however, very well deny entrance to the governor and his family, so our friends were permitted to occupy a house not very far from the scene of the surrender.

During all these hours my young companion had been visibly growing older and graver. In the midst of all the excitement, he had maintained a dignity that would have been comical in one so young if it had not been so genuine and natural. Not an item of military etiquette or routine escaped his keen young eyes. He was in his saddle, cantering from post to post, till he tired his pony out; and after that he went on foot, making friends with the "old Continentals in their ragged regimentals," who could tell him about the marchings and fightings that had gone on while he, Will Harrison, was a baby in his nurse's arms.

I found him about noontime lying down in the shade, hidden behind his pony, and crying as if his heart would break. I picked him up and set him on his feet, but found that he was actually hysterical with weariness, and could not even tell me what was the matter; so I made him eat his dinner, and then he managed to tell me that he was crying because he had been too

young to be a soldier, and now the war was over and he could not be one at all. I comforted him as well as I could by telling him that there were plenty of Indians for him to fight when he grew up.

"But," he objected, almost sobbing, "they're not so good to fight as redcoats."

Upon which, not at all realizing what I was talking about, I told him that there might easily be another war with England before either one of us was too old to take part in it. This cheered him up wonderfully, and just then we heard the French bugles sounding the assembly, so remounted our horses, for they had become rested by this time, and rode down the Hampton Road, where the Continentals and militia were drawn up. Officers and men had been busy during the recent hours of leisure in cleaning their arms and mending their worn and tattered uniforms, furbishing up their accoutrements till every bit of metal shone like silver or gold according as it was made of brass or steel. Their fighting weapons were always in good order, as a matter of course.

Washington and his aides had a keen appreciation of appearances, and the more shabby and unsoldierly looking troops, including most of the militia, were kept pretty well out of sight behind the regulars.

Presently the French advance came swinging jauntily down the road, formed line, our men receiving them

with presented arms, and there, facing each other on both sides of the way, standing at ease, were the two armies whose gallantry in a just cause had secured liberty and independence for a new continent.

Had it not been for France we should hardly have won our cause at this time, though, no doubt, we should have achieved it in Heaven's good time, for independence was surely our manifest destiny.

Will and I secured as favorable a position as possible, where, sitting in our saddles, we could overlook the whole plain. We had not long to wait. There was a growl of British drums from behind the parapet, and presently the head of their column appeared, a solid, thoroughly British-looking column it was, for all the new clothing that was at hand in the quartermaster's stores had been issued to the troops since the surrender, and they were as spick and span as if marching out of St. James Barracks in London for a review in Hyde Park.

"*Garde à vous!*" cried the sous-officiers along the French line, and "'Tenshun! Battalion!" passed from left to right along our own front.

On the one side were the bronzed veterans of Steuben, Lincoln, and Lafayette, on the other the jaunty, black-eyed infantry of Deuxponts, Soissonois, and Santonge. Every man squared his shoulders and stood ready, for it

has not been very often in the history of wars that a British garrison, eight thousand strong, has marched out and laid down its arms to a victorious foe.

On they came by platoons, marching well in time with eyes straight to the front, and a very dogged, savage look on their faces, as they tramped down the road. Their traditional foes, the "frog-eating French," watched them from one side, and the despised Yankee rebels, their late subjects, were lined up on the other. No wonder the British drums played a well-known old English air called "The World turned up-side down."

It was Will Harrison who first called my attention to the fact that the British regimental colors were not flying, but were carried in their cases of glazed cloth. I could not account for this, for it is usual for a garrison that surrenders under honorable terms to march with the honors of war, drums beating and colors flying.

We did not know at the time, but learned afterwards, that this was a piece of just retribution for an affront put upon General Lincoln and his garrison at the surrender of Charleston a year before.

While the commissioners were in consultation at Mr. Moore's house, — so the story ran, — Major Alexander Ross said, indicating the third article, "This is a harsh condition, which requires the regimental

colors to be cased and drums to play either a German or an English air."

"Yes, sir, it is a harsh article," replied Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens of South Carolina, the American commissioner.

"Then why is it here?" asked Ross.

"Because," said Laurens, "you imposed those very conditions upon us when we surrendered at Charleston last year after a brave defence."

"But," replied Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"Sir," replied Laurens, "you force me to make another observation: "It is not the individual that is here considered; it is the Nation. This article stands, or I cease to be a commissioner."

And so the article remained, and the British were obliged to swallow a dose of their own medicine.

It was indeed a brave show that my little companion looked upon with wondering eyes that October morning, and the sight sank deep into his youthful soul, more deeply than any one suspected at the time. It was a sad disappointment to us that Lord Cornwallis ordered his senior in command, the Irish general O'Hara, to conduct the surrender. We had hoped to see his lordship himself give up his sword to Washington with our own eyes, but this was not to be,

Cornwallis pleading illness as the excuse for his non-appearance. The spectacle was sufficiently imposing, however, for our French allies were gorgeous in their dress uniforms, and our own war-worn veterans tried to make up for their lack of fine feathers by steadiness and soldierly bearing.

It was all over before sundown. Nearly eight thousand British and German troops laid down their arms in a field that had been designated for the purpose just outside of Yorktown, and our eyes had seen it all.

The Harrisons started for home as soon as the ceremonies were well over, taking Will with them. He would gladly have remained in camp with me, tired though he was in mind and body.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOG COLLEGE.

IT was not till near Christmas that I could return to Berkeley, and by that time, December, 1781, rumors of peace were wafted across the ocean. It was probably an accident that Washington's birthday, February 22, 1782, was the day upon which the British House of Commons took its first vote, looking to a discontinuance of the war.¹

Another odd coincidence is that on March 4, the day since fixed by law for the inauguration of the President of the United States, a resolution was passed in the House of Commons to this effect — "That the House would consider as enemies to His Majesty and The Country, all those who should advise or by any means attempt the farther prosecution of Offensive War on

¹ This motion was made by General Henry Seymour Conway, a distinguished officer of the British army, who was at that time a member of Parliament, and who throughout the war opposed the reduction of the colonies by force. He now gained his first parliamentary victory, and laid the foundation for the final recognition of American independence.

the continent of North America for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force."

It is a little curious that these dates should by chance have fallen so as to correspond in advance with one of our national holidays, and with perhaps the most important official ceremony that takes place under our present Constitution.

It was surprising how quickly peaceful conditions reasserted themselves throughout the lately revolted, but now independent, colonies. Many terrible and unjustifiable acts of vengeance were wrought by excited patriots against the Tories and Loyalists, who now had no British troops to protect them. Scores, and perhaps hundreds, perished at the hands of mobs; thousands were forced to flee for their lives beyond the Canadian border, or to one or another of the still loyal British colonies; and it is not at all to be wondered at that their descendants to this very day cherish traditions of the barbarities practised upon them in New York, in Pennsylvania, and in the Carolinas. Of course they have forgotten, or in fact probably never heard of the similar barbarities practised by the Tories against defenceless patriots during the long years of war.

This reminds me of one other incident connected with the surrender at Yorktown, which I must needs

relate before hastening on with my story. There was not among all Cornwallis' officers a single man more feared and hated than Lieutenant-Colonel Banastre Tarleton. That he was a brave and dashing cavalry leader is not to be denied, but he did not hesitate to hang rebels, burn their houses, and destroy their property upon the slightest provocation. All through the Carolinas, and of late through Eastern Virginia, he had raided with his legion, and such was the fear inspired by him, that only the very best of the Continental horse could be trusted to face him on anything like equal terms. Tarleton and his troopers were surrendered with the rest of the British army at Yorktown; they had been sent across the river to Gloucester Point when the siege became too close for cavalry, and were there when the surrender occurred. While the negotiations were pending, Tarleton not unnaturally became anxious for his own personal safety should he fall into the hands of any Americans to whom the character of his campaigns in the Carolinas was well known. He sought an interview, therefore, with Monsieur de Choisy, of the French general's staff, and asked that officer to become responsible for his safety. Choisy gave the desired assurance, but failed to leave any record of the reasons given by Tarleton for this anxiety.

Indeed, his fears were not altogether groundless, for there were scores of capital rifle-shots among our men, who would not have hesitated to pick off such an obnoxious Britisher if they could have found an opportunity to draw a bead upon him, surrender or no surrender, for they regarded him as an outlaw, not to be protected by the laws of war. Tarleton, however, escaped with a whole skin and lived to publish an account of his adventures.¹

Such was the end of the Revolutionary drama, as young Will Harrison saw it. I am not myself greatly given to reading or study, but it has always seemed to me that the atmosphere in which he passed the first seven years of his life had much to do with his after career. There could not be very much schooling in those days, but patriotism filled the very air. Soldiers and statesmen were frequent guests at Berkeley, — Lafayette, Rochambeau, Robert Morris, Peyton Randolph, and Washington himself. Will knew them all by sight, long before he could either read or write. I greatly feared whenever the British chanced to camp in our vicinity that the boy's pugnacity would get him into trouble; for though the officers were, for the most part, civil enough to gentle-folk like the Harrisons, the rank

¹ History of the Campaigns 1780-81 in the Southern Provinces of North America, by Lieutenant-Colonel Banastre Tarleton, London, 1787.

and file sometimes lost their temper and would give an impertinent boy a sound switching upon occasion even if they dealt no more severely with him. Will, however, carried a wise head upon his young shoulders and never got into any serious trouble.

The scene of the surrender at Yorktown worked a singular change in my young comrade, having apparently made a deep impression upon his thoughtful mind. He began asking questions about national affairs, which sounded very strange indeed to his seniors and quite puzzled me, who knew nothing more than what I had picked up by chance or seen with my own eyes. It was not long before his father secured a private tutor for his children, and regular school hours were observed so far as they could be in such a free and easy community as that of a Virginia plantation.

I need not dwell upon the troubled years that immediately followed the recognition of American independence. England was constantly ignoring or overriding our rights on land and sea; France was eager to secure our active alliance, and embroil us again with the English; and hovering along the near-by frontier, then defined by the Ohio River and the Allegheny Mountains, was an awful mysterious cloud of savage warriors ready to swoop down at any moment upon the outlying settlements, and apparently strong and numerous enough to

extinguish utterly the little nation that had declared itself along the Atlantic slope.

The war had drawn heavily upon the frontiersmen, and for a time it was wellnigh impossible to check the savages in their raids against the settlements. It was with great difficulty that soldiers could be enlisted at all for frontier service. In the midst of all this, Will Harrison, at his father's request, began to study with a view to a professional career of some sort. Schools and colleges were very few in number. Harvard had been fairly on its feet at Cambridge, since 1638. William and Mary, founded in 1692 by their majesties whose names it bore, was at Williamsburg; and Yale at New Haven (1701). These were the only establishments calling themselves colleges in all the land, and William and Mary was, at the beginning of the Revolution, the most prosperous and fashionable of them all, being in a way under royal patronage. Originally endowed by the crown and by the state, under Episcopalian management, it seemed quite in the natural order of things that the Harrison boys should one and all be sent there. But at about this time a strong dissenting movement on the part of the Presbyterians had set in throughout Virginia and the neighboring states, so for some reason or other it was decided that Will Harrison should go to Hampden-Sidney College instead. The Governor proba-

bly found himself rather straitened in circumstances with his large family, and he had, moreover, been very liberal with his private means in helping the Government to carry on the struggle for independence. Partly for this reason, perhaps, and partly from a desire to help on any promising new enterprise, it was decided to send the boy to the young and struggling academy in Prince Edward County, nearly one hundred miles distant.

It came about while Will Harrison was at his preparatory studies that the academy which had been founded some ten years before was suddenly, and largely, it is believed, through the Governor's influence, chartered as a college under the laws of Virginia; and when some six years later Master William was ready to go up for his entrance examination the institution had acquired some repute for sound religious and mental training.

It was only a "log college," as yet; that is to say, it boasted of little more than log cabins for its buildings and a few rude frame structures for purposes of recitation and lecture rooms, and it was no uncommon thing for students to build, or have built for themselves, small log cabins to serve as dormitories, since the college had no funds to spare for the construction of such shelters.

To go from Berkeley to Hampden-Sidney involved a long ride near one hundred miles, the college being in a comparatively wild region, where land could almost be

had for the asking. It was settled that I should go with the young candidate as a sort of a companion, for he was but thirteen years old, though large for his age. But the border was still in a very unsettled condition, and it was regarded as by no means impossible that war parties of Creeks or Cherokees might come up from Georgia or Alabama and push their expeditions almost anywhere along the Blue Ridge Mountain range. We took along besides a trusted negro named Tom, who was a skilled axeman and a good cook, though for that matter I myself acknowledged no superior in the arts of camp housekeeping. No Virginian of high social station thought of travelling for any considerable distance without a slave attendant, so Tom led a packhorse laden with a small leathern portmanteau and saddlebags containing the few books that students then required and such clothing and furnishings as were deemed necessary for outfit in a college career. Besides these there were what Will and I, obeying our military instincts, called "our intrenching tools"; namely, two axes, a spade, a saw, an auger, and some nails. Of course we both carried rifles, and had pistols in our holsters.

Thus it was that we set forth from Berkeley one morning in the autumn of 1786, Mistress Harrison and the old Governor waving a tearful farewell to us from

the veranda. We were nearly four days on the way, for because of the packhorse we could not ride very fast, and his load had been somewhat increased by purchases of additional articles in the way of bedding and blankets as we passed through the capital city of Richmond.

Will Harrison was rather nervous about his examinations, as I am told young fellows are to this very day, when they are going up to college in stage coaches, or even in some parts of the country in railway carriages, so he had a book ready to hand in one of his saddlebags, wherewith to refresh his memory in preparation for the dreaded ordeal.

We stopped over-night in such cabins and wayside hostelries as we chanced to happen upon about night-fall, and during our last day's ride fell in with another young fellow bound on the same errand, he, too, being attended by an old negro slave, who was trusted to see him to his journey's end. So it was quite a party of horse that drew rein in front of the old log row and dismounted in the edge of the college clearing.

I remained in charge of the horses and servants while the two young gentlemen went to present their letters to the acting president, the Reverend Dr. Drury Lacy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY.

IF I remember rightly there were at that time from three to seven students in each class at the college, and the faculty consisted altogether of not more than four or five gentlemen who undertook the whole course of instruction. It was from such beginnings as this that many of our colleges have sprung, and you all know the position that Hampden-Sidney now holds among the educational institutions of the Southern States.

I suppose that the learned gentlemen who conducted the examinations in those days did not expect applicants for admission to know very much beyond the rudiments of an English education. Most of those who applied for admission had acquired what little equipment they possessed in the way of learning from chance teachers, from village schools, where opportunities were of the slightest, or perhaps from their fathers and mothers who had half forgotten what they had once learned in Europe or in England. At all events, my

two young men came exultantly back after an absence of two hours or so, having successfully passed, and they spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in telling each other about the extraordinarily difficult questions which had been put to them by the grave and learned examiners.

The freshman class of that year was unprecedentedly large, having no less than ten members; and as the senior dormitory had been accidentally burnt down during the summer vacation, there was a scarcity of sleeping accommodations. The burnt dormitory had been merely a log cabin, large enough to accommodate the entire graduating class of three, so its loss was not very severely felt in a financial sense, since the incoming seniors had only to walk into the neighboring pine forests with their axes or send their respective servants to do the work for them, and so provide a new dormitory sufficient for their needs.

This is what they did, in fact, and after looking about and consulting some of the upper class students who appeared to be civilly inclined toward us newcomers, Will Harrison and I determined to do likewise.

We might have found quarters in the rough board structures that had been erected for recitation and lecture rooms, for these were often thrown open to the college public and their friends during the crowded

days at the beginning of a term when visitors were apt to be abundant, and rooms scarce for lodging purposes. But Will Harrison said no; a Virginian gentleman should have his own quarters.

Boy-like, he and our fellow-traveller being prospective classmates had struck up quite an enthusiastic friendship with one another, and they agreed to make common cause in the matter of house-building. So having consulted the authorities as to a site for our house, we went promptly to work, and before dark had built a hunter's lean-to roofed with bark which might serve as a temporary camp till such time as the cabin could be finished.

There was some confusion and delay in beginning the regular studies of the term, so my two young gentlemen lent us a hand at the building. We had to go some little distance into the woods to find logs suitable for our purpose, but we had our horses, and so were able to haul them out almost as rapidly as they could be notched and rolled into position by our axemen. The two negro slaves had built log cabins before, and so in a few days we had erected a structure some fifteen feet square, roofed with boards, and with the chinks between its logs well stopped with moss and clay, and the whole quite capable of standing a siege, whether of marauding redskins or of the elements themselves.

We put up four bunks against the walls ; a strong table and benches were made out of rough boards which I contrived to plane after a fashion, with my hunting-knife and with a well-sharpened axe. You may laugh at this, but it is not by any means impossible for a man skilled in the use of these rough implements, to make a not altogether bad job of smoothing down a rough split board, if he knows how to take it the right way. So our dormitory was soon ready for occupancy, with a chimney of small sticks built up on the outside and plastered with clay, and a generous fireplace within.

By the time it was finished, my two young gentlemen had made friends among their fellow-students, and they might have had their choice out of the whole remaining eight of the freshman class for tenants of the spare bunks. It was decided, however, to keep the extra ones wherewith to offer hospitality, after the Virginian fashion, to chance visitors who might put in an appearance ; and indeed, so popular did the establishment become among visitors, that it was a question whether they would not have done better to arrange for permanent tenants.

As soon as they were well established as comfortably as circumstances permitted, I rode back to Berkeley with the horses, leaving Tom to look after his young master ; but Berkeley was no home for me

without Will Harrison, and so presently the spirit of unrest grew so strong upon me that I announced my intention of rejoining him at college and making myself useful in any way that offered. So back I went again to Hampden-Sidney, built a little shanty for myself, close to "Harrison Hall," as the cabin had been jestingly named by the other students, and entered upon what I have always boasted about as my college course, although it was a very short one.

I think I was rather a favorite, alike with faculty and students, for I could turn my hand to almost anything, and was usually ready to ride express when the mail-carrier failed, as he often did, or to guide hunting-parties into the mountains on holidays, or do any of the hundred and one things that are called for about a college community, be it never so small.

Of course Will Harrison had the first claim upon me, and I was fast becoming aware that he was outgrowing me in many ways. His Latin and Greek and mathematics were of no use to me, but I read such books as I could understand, and some that I couldn't; and, upon the whole, I was fairly intelligent for one who was little better than a poor white, at least in any training that I had received. More and more, I had grown into the conviction, after some foolish superstition, I suppose, that my fate was some-

how linked with Will Harrison's, and I resolved that so far as I could, I would fit myself to go through life as near him as might be, feeling certain in my own mind that he was destined to be at the very front whatever was going on.

Nor was I alone in this conviction as to his abilities; for the honorable Robert Morris, one of the original signers of the Declaration of Independence, the intimate counsellor and friend of Washington, thought so too, and was ever urging Governor Harrison to give his youngest son Will all the advantages possible in the way of education. Not improbably he might have been sent to finish his training in European schools but for his own sturdy declaration that America was good enough for him, and by her he was determined to stand or fall. As a matter of course, we rode home to Berkeley for the Christmas holidays, and there was merry-making at all the river plantations; for already signs of prosperity were beginning to make themselves apparent under the new conditions of independence, and every one had the highest hopes for the future. Planters were bringing more land under cultivation, and the demand for negro slave-labor was so increasing that it was no unusual thing for cargoes of poor, frightened wretches straight from the western coast of Africa to be landed at some convenient place

on some of the tributaries of the Chesapeake and sold to the highest bidder. Many of the more humane and intelligent planters of that day were opposed to this traffic in human beings because it entailed such unspeakable suffering and disease during the voyage. Moreover, the slave population, what with direct importations from Africa, and the birth of numerous slave children, increased more rapidly than did the whites, so that there was an ever-present dread of servile insurrection. This dread was common not only among the masters who treated their slaves with the greatest kindness, as did Governor Harrison and all the planters in our vicinity, but in greater measure among the smaller planters and those somewhat removed from the influences of culture and civilization.

On the other hand, the slave-traders declared with the utmost effrontery that the voyage from the coast of Africa to that of America was probably the most luxurious that had ever befallen within the experience of the poor savages who were its alleged beneficiaries, and they announced themselves as really missionaries who were successfully engaged in an organized effort to evangelize the African race. Of course such talk as this went for what it was worth among the humane and intelligent people of the slave-holding states, but it found many adherents and supporters and it laid

the foundation eventually for Virginia's place in the slave-holding section of our country.

When we were prepared to ride back to Hampden-Sidney after Christmas, Will Harrison proposed that instead of going back by way of Richmond and the usual road, we should have ourselves ferried across with our horses to the south side of the James and follow the Appomattox River road. I was always glad to undertake anything that savored of exploration, so we rode for three days, following roads and trails that lay nearest the river, till at length we came within sight of the cabin that we had already learned to regard almost as home during our first term of residence.

I noticed during our ride that my companion seemed especially interested in watching the river and its windings, and such rapids as were visible from the road, while he talked with the river boatmen about their bateaux traffic, which extended to within the borders of Prince Edward County and not very far from the college itself. I noticed this, and even joined in his inquiries, but did not at all suspect his purpose until the term was well advanced. Calling me to walk with him one day, he proposed that we should visit a sawmill that had been established upon a "branch" not far from the college, and there seated

upon a log he revealed his plan, which was, indeed, that we should go home for the summer vacation by water instead of by land. We often talked this matter over on succeeding days, but just at this time when we had about made up our minds to the undertaking there came an unexpected letter from Governor Harrison, whereby it appeared that in consultation with his old friend Robert Morris, it had been decided to adopt a change in the plan of campaign as regards Will Harrison's education.

Mr. Morris, who had himself acquired but a scant training in school, had a correspondingly high appreciation of a college education, and as he was regularly appointed the guardian of Will Harrison at about this time, he used all his influence to have his ward placed under the care of teachers nearer to the regular seats of learning as they then existed in Eastern Virginia.

Will read me this letter. "See now, Linus," said he, "how beautifully that fits in with the raft plan. I will write home that they need not send up the horses, and instead of leaving our things here we will just load everything on board the raft and go straight to Harrison's Landing without any bother, and Tom can ride your horse home."

So instead of locking up the college residence Will put a notice on the public bulletin board beside the

entrance to what was called the Lyceum, to the following effect :

“To be sold at Public Auction the Elegant and Commodious Dormitory known as Harrison Hall. This edifice is comparatively new, having been recently built from designs by that distinguished architect and civil engineer Carolinus Bassett, Esq., late Captain of Horse, Virginia State Troops, and constructed under his immediate supervision. The building will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder at eight o'clock this morning. Signed, William Henry Harrison, Auctioneer.”

Pretty nearly all undergraduate Hampden-Sidney turned out to attend this sale. It was not very much of a crowd as colleges go nowadays, but it was all we had, and it filled the little cabin to overflowing. The bidding was so lively under the spirited superintendence of the auctioneer that it was finally knocked down to the highest bidder for nineteen shillings and sixpence lawful Virginia money, for the new and unfamiliar currency of dollars and cents had not yet taken the place of the familiar pounds, shillings, and pence of colonial times.

Hardly was the sale concluded, however, when Dr. Lacy, the acting president, accompanied by one of the professors, having gotten wind of the transaction, in

the seclusion of his own home, suddenly appeared upon the scene and officially declared the whole business unlawful, since the dormitory in question, having been constructed on college land, reverted to the owners of the soil upon being vacated by its original occupant.

There was no appeal from this decision, although purchaser and seller both tried to make a case before this high court of arbitration. It was of no use, so we were fain to make the best of it, though Will Harrison made an impromptu speech after the departure of Dr. Lacy in which he declared that resistance to tyrants was obedience to law, and concluded in this fashion: "Mark my words, gentlemen, should I live to realize the fondest dreams of my ambition, this broad continent shall be thickly populated by a free and independent nation, each man dwelling in his own log cabin as in his castle, and each one owning the land whereon that cabin stands, simply because it sets there."

There was a laugh and a cheer at this somewhat ungrammatical ending, but considering the speaker's after relation to the homestead laws of the United States and his own famous log-cabin campaign for the presidency in 1840, I cannot but think as I remember the scene that the words were curiously prophetic.

However, we made little of it, and even I should never have remembered the incident had I not fancied that the young orator's manner resembled that of the famous Patrick Henry, so I repeated the words over to myself, having a retentive memory, and fixed them in my mind that I might repeat them to the Governor on our return to Berkeley, for I knew that it would please the old gentleman to hear about the doings of his youngest son at college even if his career within its log walls was to be abruptly terminated.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN THE APPOMATTOX.

WORK was necessarily hastened upon the raft after this. Logs were to be had for the cutting. There lay thousands of heavily timbered acres along the headwaters of the Appomattox whose owners would have thanked us for clearing a few square miles of woodland, so long as we would remove the logs that we cut down. Will Harrison's plan contemplated only one or two score of logs, and nobody would think of asking payment in the Virginia hills for such a little trifle as that. He needed also, however, a few boards, for which we should have to pay something, since ready money was not over-abundant with the Harrison family just at that time, the Governor having drawn heavily upon his private means to provide for public needs. We had to exercise our business faculties in order to secure a suitable supply. After some discussion and dickering with the mill-owner we struck a bargain, and as the result of a few days' work found

ourselves the owners of enough logs to construct a raft, and of pine boards wherewith to build a shanty.

We had likewise to make a bargain with the local blacksmith for nails, which were made by hand in those days, and cost much more than do those that are now turned out by machinery for a few cents a pound. Part of every blacksmith's stock in trade was a stack of nail rods, which he had very likely forged out himself from such old iron as he could lay his hands upon. These he cut into proper lengths and hammered into some sort of nail-like shape upon his anvil, producing articles that answered the purpose of nails, even if they were not very uniform in size.

Will Harrison helped me at such hours as he could spare from his lessons, and by the end of the term we had a fine raft of forty-foot logs fastened together with pins and poles after the manner of river men, and moored in an eddy of the branch below the mill. Upon it, midway between the two ends, we had knocked together a tolerably comfortable little board shanty, some twelve feet long, with interior fittings enough for our little party of four, and a hearth made of clay and stone, whereon we could build a fire for cooking without very much danger of setting the whole structure aflame. The smoke was expected to find its way out through a large opening in the roof,

though I am bound to admit that it did not always justify this expectation.

Two of young Harrison's college friends had been invited to occupy the spare bunks, of which there were four in all, and we might have had all the returning students who could have been crowded upon the raft if they could have made any excuse for going in our direction. Indeed, we had to draw the line with considerable severity to keep our numbers down to a reasonable figure.

At last the president called all the students together in the chapel, the last tedious examinations having been concluded, and dismissed them for the vacation with a few words of counsel and benediction, which I am afraid made but small impression on these youngsters, who with few exceptions were so eager to begin their homeward journey.

The Virginian roads were almost impassable for wagons in those days, and nearly all the students had either to walk or ride on horseback in order to reach their homes. With many hurrahs and handshakes and waving of hats the young fellows mounted and rode away, many of them attended by negro servants who had been sent with saddle horses to fetch their young masters home.

We had arranged to have our own horses taken home by friends who were going that way and were glad

enough to avail themselves of our mounts, so we five started on foot for the raft, each carrying such articles as had of necessity been left to the last. It was early in the afternoon when we cast off the grapevine mooring line, and in high spirits set our poles against the rocky bottom and shoved the heavy, ungainly platform of logs out to where the current caught her around the point, and swinging her slowly round started her down stream at a goodly pace.

The mill hands came out on the crib work and gave us a parting yell, which we answered with a cheer, and swept majestically down the stream around a wooded bend and out of sight.

Some three miles down stream a surprise awaited us, where a ford crossed the river. Just as we reached the shoal water and our raft pushed its forward end into the ripple, when we began to feel anxiously with our setting poles lest we should take ground in the shallows, there was a chorus of fierce whoops and yells from the woods on shore and a sudden volleyed discharge of firearms, the bullets whistling well over our heads, but sounding rather close for all that.

I own frankly that my own heart gave a jump, and I involuntarily made a spring to seize my rifle, for it was not so very long since I had been engaged in earnest in just such affairs. But laughing demands for our

surrender in voices more or less familiar reassured me, and in a moment a dozen young horsemen dashed out of the undergrowth and into the stream.

We at once recognized a detachment of home-going Hampden-Sidney boys who had resolved thus to waylay us at the ford, and had ridden half a mile or so out of their way in order to frighten us if they could.

They spurred their horses into the stream, which rose quite to their saddle girths, and some of them forced their steeds forward till I feared lest a sudden swerve of the raft might sweep them irresistibly under, beyond hope of rescue. But the more spirited of the horses took fright at the moving platform and its house of new boards, and rearing and snorting went plunging back to the shore with much splashing and merriment. One of them, indeed, fell with his rider in the shallow water, but both scrambled to their feet, and the incident only added to the success of the ambushade. A ducking was not counted much by the travellers of that day; for if they did not come to grief in fording some stream that lay in their course, they were pretty certain to be soaked from head to foot by rain if their journey lasted many days. There were no water-proof garments then, and travellers had to take the wettings that heaven sent them and make the best of it. I do not think that any more colds were taken in consequence of these

exposures than are taken nowadays when we think we are half killed if we get our feet wet.

The clumsy raft rode on down stream, carried by the resistless current. Not all the horses and horsemen in Virginia could have stopped its career, slow though it seemed, and so the hilarious group of horsemen vanished, some of them crossing the ford to continue their homeward journey in that direction, while others cantered away up the road toward their plantation homes in lower Virginia or the Carolinas.

Thus began a voyage all too short, that afforded our little party the most unalloyed delight. By April spring is well advanced in Virginia, the current of the river was full and strong, and the heat of summer had not yet dried up the springs and runlets among the mountains. So it was a brimming heavy flood of water that rushed down between the green banks of the stream. Now and then, in spite of all that we could do, some unexpected eddy would sweep our raft upon the shallows, and we would have a hard job to get her afloat again, especially if we chanced to take bottom upon a falling swell. However, we had only to wait a few hours and the next flood wave would come down the river and start us off again. Experience, too, increased our skill in navigation, and as the river widened and deepened, its current was less likely to play us unexpected tricks.

Now and then we met bateaux with their crews working their way up stream, poling and rowing against the current, often with heavy loads of some kind of merchandise. Again, other crews would pass us going down stream, and these would generally crack numerous jokes at our expense, and exult over our slow-moving craft, which was clumsy indeed compared with their light boats. At this time as many as forty or fifty of these bateaux were constantly employed in plying up and down the river to and from tide water, but so far as I know they rarely carried passengers, and our party had hardly a precedent in the river traffic of the day.

All day long and day after day we floated lazily between wooded banks, where the mocking-birds were singing their sweetest spring melodies, and orioles flashed through the soft green foliage. Now and then we landed to replenish our stores by shooting rabbits or squirrels, and once, by a lucky shot, as we drifted silently past a quiet cove, one of the young men added a saddle of venison to our supplies.

The shad and herring, too, were pushing their way up stream in myriads to their favorite spawning grounds in the countless streams that found their way into the main river, and as we had provided a net for just this opportunity, we were seldom without a full supply of these delicious fish.

In those days the rivers were literally alive with fish large and small, running up stream, and as we neared tide water, not infrequently enormous sturgeon would throw themselves into the air, coming down with a loud splash upon the water. This was often quite startling when it occurred during the night, or close at hand in a still reach of the river. Once, indeed, one of these large fish, some six or eight feet long, threw himself in a moment of fright or inadvertence upon the front platform of our raft, and we had a great time reducing him to subjection, for he thrashed about in such fashion that he tripped up more than one of the party, and we were afraid that he would even manage to knock down our shanty itself. At last, however, he was quieted by a blow from the axe, and that night we had for supper a dish which is a great favorite with some of the Dutch residents along the Hudson River. Indeed, when we were campaigning in that region a few years before I know that we Continental troopers were very glad when we could get sturgeon steak to eke out the rather scant rations that were sometimes supplied by the commissary.

I am told that the wastefulness of the inhabitants along the Atlantic rivers has wellnigh exterminated this marvellous supply of food, which, if it had been properly preserved and protected, might have served to

support a larger population than is ever likely to fill the Virginia valleys.

At night we always tied up the raft to the bank or drove stakes into the bottom to keep us afloat if no suitable mooring-place offered. So at last on a warm afternoon we drifted lazily on the ebb tide, out from the mouth of the Appomattox, and passed from behind City Point to the broad bosom of the James. Looking eastward down stream, we saw the chimneys of Berkeley among its poplars, and even caught a glimpse of the red brick façade of Westover, beyond.

How peaceful and prosperous it all looked, and yet how short was the time since Tarleton's troopers held the valley at their mercy, and Arnold's red-coated infantrymen were burning and pillaging almost at will.

We were presently discovered from the house, though still three or four miles distant, and soon a boat put off from the landing and came to meet us, pulled by the regular plantation crew. Guessing that Mistress Harrison was eager, after the fashion of mothers, to see her boy, and that perhaps some of the young ladies were passengers, we made haste to set our establishment to rights, for I grieve to say that I had been unable to enforce strict military neatness upon my young companions, and all their belongings were tumbled about in the bunks and on the floor in a

manner that was very distressing to a soldier who prided himself upon keeping his quarters in good condition. However, we sprang about and hustled things out of the way, under the bunks, and wherever we thought prying feminine eyes would not discover our untidiness. We lighted a fire, too, outside the cabin, and had the kettle boiling and tea made by the time that the boat rounded to alongside our floating home.

As we anticipated, the passengers were indeed Mistress Harrison and her daughters and two nieces who were visiting at Berkeley. The young gentlemen made them comfortable in the cabin, which they found very barbaric in its appointments, but which they enjoyed all the same. With many pretty grimaces and wry faces they managed to drink bitter tea out of tin cups which had been brightly scoured with ashes and rinsed in river water for their especial benefit.

Time and tide, it is said, wait for no man, and conversely they make haste for no one either. It was an hour and a half more before we drifted down to the landing. Of course as soon as the negro oarsmen were available they had been set to work with the sweeps, and as they were not unaccustomed to that kind of navigation, the raft was handsomely laid alongside the bank and secured just below the wharf where the *Tarrapin* had been accustomed to make her land-

ings. You would have thought that no one had ever seen a timber raft upon the James River before, so much curiosity was displayed over this one simply because it had brought down four college lads and their belongings almost from the foothills of the Blue Ridge.

With much laughter and many feminine shrieks the ladies were gallantly handed ashore by the young collegians, and the merry party streamed off toward the house, followed by the negro slaves bearing their young masters' luggage upon their shoulders, all forgetful of the poor white attendant, sometime captain of horse, but a "poor white" for all that. I confess that my heart was heavy within me after the party from Berkeley had boarded our raft. For I seemed to be in a way left out, and was looked upon as something midway between negro oarsman and the educated gentle-folk, who held themselves to be so far my betters.

Will Harrison remembered me as soon as the first excitement of home-coming had worn off a little, and down he came on the run, shouting a Shawnee battle-cry, and soon had me up to the house for supper. Once in a while, in spite of myself, the gulf between me and my kind patrons weighed heavily upon me in those days, but Will Harrison could nearly always dis-

pel the cloud, and when he failed I would even mount my horse, and taking my rifle would ride away into the wilds for heart's-ease. That is a cure which I confidently recommend in all cases, but I must confess that there are some occasions on which even this cannot be trusted to effect a cure.

CHAPTER IX.

EXILED AGAIN — THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY the Virginia state election of 1790, Governor Harrison was again called to serve in the state legislature, after having, as he thought, permanently retired to private life; but politics were becoming corrupt, bad men were working for power and plunder just as they do to-day, and even Washington himself was denounced and accused of many public misdeeds by people who ought to have had nobler ideas of what is right and honorable. Now, that there are so many schools and academies all over the country, I do, indeed, trust that the coming generation will learn very many things besides reading, writing, and arithmetic. To my thinking it is possible to teach truth and honor and some little common sense as well as things that can be learned out of books. But no one save born teachers can do that. Could I have my own way, I would sort out from the people all those who have the inborn gift for teaching, and let them do nothing else,

and make it such a very high honor, that they would be glad to devote themselves to it. And, moreover, I would punish those who tried to teach, not having the gift, so severely, that they would never want to make the attempt again. But these are only the dreams of an ignorant soldier who never could do very much more than read and write and cipher in a rude sort of way.

Will Harrison was fourteen years old when he was unexpectedly recalled from college, as I have related, and sent to an academy, which was in such a civilized region that I could not very well be with him there, and I soon became so discontented at Berkeley without him, that one day I sat down, and most laboriously wrote two letters, — one to Will Harrison and one to the Governor. To Will I said: "I am going off to join the army in the northwest. When you are of age, come you after me, and, perhaps, we may fight redskins and redcoats together yet. I know that you have often thought of running away, but I beg that you will not do this until you are a few years older."

To the Governor, I wrote in respectful terms, that I had grown weary of the quiet life of Berkeley, and must needs away to the frontier where soldiers were sorely needed. I begged him to "tell good by" to all his family, since I could not trust myself to see them, lest I should be overpersuaded to give up my resolve.

So then, after I had my letters written on the large sheets of paper that were then used, I took them in my hand, and, with my bridle over my arm, and my good horse following, I walked down the driveway toward the great house.

Now, I well knew that about this time, Miss Dorothy, the elder of the young ladies of the family, would be sitting alone in the shade of the porch with her sewing or knitting, listening for the sound of horse hoofs coming up the Westover road. It was a habit that she had of doing on every pleasant afternoon, and she was rarely disappointed in her expectation. I had learned, that, as a general thing, it was just as well to keep out of the way at such times, though I must confess that I thought a great deal of a few words from Miss Dorothy.

She smiled and nodded pleasantly, as was her wont, when Rupert and I came round the corner of the house. "What, Carol," cried she, "is the spirit of unrest upon you again?" For she saw from my equipments and from the blanket rolls that were strapped upon my saddle that I was all ready for a long journey.

"Yes, Miss Dorothy," said I, doffing my cap, "and I have come to tell you good by. I am off over the mountains to the Ohio and perhaps beyond still farther West. You have been very good to the poor soldier,

Miss Dorothy, and I ask you to send these letters for me—you may read them if you will; they are not sealed, you see” (she received and laid them beside her with rather a frightened look in her eyes).

“Miss Dorothy,” I went on, boldly, “I cannot ride away without telling you that but for an accident I might have been equal to the proudest in the land. You may ask Mistress Harrison, if you will, about my father’s coat-of-arms, and my family, for I fancy that she knows more about it than I know myself. Good by.” She reached down her hand over the railing of the portico.

“Good by, Carol,” she said. “I suppose that there is no use in trying to persuade you to stay, for I hear that there is dreadful fighting with the Indians in the Northwest Territory, and something tells me that it would be useless to ask one of Washington’s old soldiers to stay at home when he is needed on the frontier. I will deliver the letters, Carol; I promise it, and I will never forget you.”

That was all. I heard the sound of flying hoofs upon the Westover road, and I dared not meet the handsome young Virginian who I knew was riding fast that he might sit in the shady portico and watch Miss Dorothy with her embroidery.

In a moment I sprang upon Rupert’s back, and as I

dashed out at top speed through one gate I knew, though I never looked behind me, that the expected cavalier was cantering gayly in at the other. That was the last that I ever saw of Berkeley; and though I met Miss Dorothy again years afterward, and she had become Madame Byrd then, she told me frankly that she had called after me to come back and had with tears entreated young Harry Byrd to ride after me, but for some reason he would not, which perhaps was quite as well, for we were both hot-headed young fellows, and an interview just then might not have been altogether friendly.

I rode westward as fast as my good horse could carry me, and some days later looked down upon the Ohio River where it joins the Muskingum and where at that time stood Fort Harmar, one of the most important American posts on what was then the frontier.

Here, after looking about for a few days to learn what I could of the situation, I enlisted as a volunteer scout in one of the companies under General Harmar's command. These scouts were a picked body of men, but as I was well mounted, my horse took the eyes of a recruiting officer who knew a good animal when he saw him, and as I demonstrated on the spot that I was an excellent shot with the Kentucky rifle that I had brought with me, I had no difficulty in finding a place

in a company that as a general thing was made up of congenial spirits.

I have referred occasionally during the preceding chapters to the Indian troubles that threatened the Northwest Territory immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War. Some attempts were made by way of treaties to establish friendly relations with the tribes in what is now Northern Ohio and along over toward the Wabash region, but the treaties almost all failed because there were no troops to back them up; the settlements were few and far between, and the situation became more and more threatening, to the great perplexity of Washington, who had been inaugurated as first president of the United States in April of the preceding year. He advocated the establishment of a regular army, but met with much opposition alike from his political opponents and from people who had a deeply seated dread of any such concentration of power.

I reached Fort Harmar in the latter part of June, 1790, when the general was preparing for his disastrous campaign against the Indians of the Maumee. This officer had a good military record, having served honorably in the Revolutionary War, and was selected for first commander of the regular army of the United States. This was in September, 1789, at which time the army itself was created by an act of Congress in

spite of the opposition which has been referred to. When first organized it was in point of numbers no more than a small battalion, and was indeed designated as the first infantry regiment of the United States. With this force and with a lot of independent companies and volunteers collected largely from the restless elements along the frontier, General Harmar organized and tried to discipline a force of about one thousand men, very small when we consider the large numbers of Indians that were opposed to him and the conditions under which he would necessarily be obliged to undertake the campaign.

To complicate matters, the British, in defiance of the treaty of peace ratified seven years before, had taken advantage of the ill-defined boundary line between Canada and the United States, to hold possession of Detroit and of a somewhat irregular line of frontier posts extending to the westward toward the southern end of Lake Michigan. This was nominally the boundary of our Northwest Territory. The British were probably confident in the hope that the young republic which had so lately thrown off its allegiance to the mother country would very soon fall into difficulties political, financial, and otherwise, from which it would be unable to extricate itself. In that case they naturally wished to hold advanced positions which would

enable them to retake the possession of their lost colonies with the least possible trouble. Pursuing the same policy, they cultivated the friendship of the neighboring savage tribes and encouraged them to trespass upon the settlements that were continually pushing westward under the lead of hardy pioneers and adventurers. Moreover, the fur trade was valuable, and the governor of Canada, Lord Dorchester, with Sir John Johnson to represent British interests in the disputed territory, made it very uncomfortable for American settlers, and very easy all through that region for the Indians to combine against their advance into the wilderness.

Very early in the history of the republic we had reason to suspect the influence of British gold, and there is probably very little doubt that a good many of the king's guineas found their way directly or indirectly into the Northwest Territory. All this resulted in a widespread conspiracy on the part of the Indians, aimed to establish their claim that the Ohio River should be accepted as the boundary between the territory of the United States and their own hunting-grounds. As there were already several thousand settlers living in daily peril of their lives in various parts of the territory in question, and as they had gone there under a supposed guarantee of protection from the United States, this demand on the part of the Indians could not be

entertained for a moment. Moreover, it was perfectly evident to intelligent observers that the British meant eventually to oust the Indians and get possession themselves of the disputed territory. Of course this would not do at all from the American standpoint.

Accordingly General Harmar was at work, drilling and organizing his troops at Fort Washington, a log structure recently built, where the great city of Cincinnati now stands. We stayed there all summer, making occasional scouting expeditions into the wilderness just for practice, and in September marched northward in force, and were nearly exterminated by the redskins on the Maumee River. When it is remembered that the tribes in the disaffected region could muster something like fifteen thousand warriors, it is not to be wondered at that our little force was almost annihilated, and those that were left of us straggled back to Fort Washington as best we could, making it so warm for the victors, however, that they did not venture to pursue us.

While we made excuses for ourselves, this defeat, as may readily be imagined, greatly encouraged the Indians and gave occasion for open exultation on the part of the British. Scouting parties of Indians used not infrequently to come down within sight of Fort Washington and utter all sorts of exasperating howls and yells toward us, emphasized by insulting gestures from the

edge of the woods; and although they never made any serious hostile demonstrations in our immediate vicinity, they showed in unmistakable ways that they held the white men in great contempt as fighting material. Of course the scattered settlers all through the wilderness led very uncertain and exciting lives at this time, for whenever it pleased them to do so, the Indians scalped and killed and plundered, encountering only such resistance as could be mustered in the immediate neighborhood. It is wonderful, indeed, that any of the settlers dared to remain in the little log cabins that they had hewn out of the surrounding forests, and still more wonderful that of those who remained, any survived. By dint of courage, however, and hardihood and clever management, stay they did to the number of several thousands, mainly in small hamlets and solitary cabins, and they even made themselves heard in Congress.

General Harmar resigned soon after this, and General Arthur St. Clair, who had for three years been acting as governor of the Northwest Territory, was appointed to command the army (March 4, 1791). Public opinion was divided about prosecuting the war. People who were safe east of the Alleghenies and along the seacoast were indisposed to favor the expenditure of money on the remote frontier, where, they held, people with civilized weapons ought to be able to pro-

tect themselves against savages armed only with bows and spears. Moreover, the treasury was empty; the financial situation was dreadfully strained, and the statesmen of the time could hardly tell how money was to be raised to pay the necessary expenses of the Government even when administered in the most economical manner.

In the meanwhile, however, the settlers themselves were, to a certain extent, taking the matter into their own hands, being by no means disposed to acknowledge themselves beaten, even if Congress refused to afford them any help. In May and August two expeditions respectively under Scott and Wilkeson invaded the Wabash country from the southward without asking leave of General St. Clair or anybody else, destroyed several large Indian villages, and convinced the warlike tribes of the border that white men could fight when driven to desperation. These raids, however, had the effect on the one hand of exasperating the rest of the warlike redskins, and of stimulating the efforts of the friends of the army in Congress. So at last the necessary appropriations were made, and an army of nearly two thousand regulars and volunteers was organized.

CHAPTER X.

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION.

GENERAL ST. CLAIR was an excellent officer, but he was unfortunately afflicted with the gout, and while he could administer the affairs of the garrison tolerably well, he found that when it came to active campaigning that he could not do as well as when he was younger and had not eaten so many good dinners. However, he marched northward as soon as he had his troops in fairly good order, established a garrison, two posts, Fort Hamilton and Fort Jefferson, and marched on toward the Wabash. I was with the advance, and we found ourselves on the night of November 3, 1791, nearly at the bank of the river which was our destination, and nearly one hundred miles north of Fort Washington, or rather of Cincinnati, for so it had now been named by General St. Clair, in honor of the military society of which he was one of the original members. By this time the general's gout had become so bad that he had to be carried on a litter, and even then he suffered greatly from the motion. However, he pluckily

kept on and was with his command on the night in question.

Being unable, however, personally to superintend the establishment of pickets and the scouting of the country we passed through, these important duties had not been attended to in a way to satisfy the ideas of old backwoodsmen. It was, therefore, with a certain instinct which scented danger in the air that I and my mate arose at dawn and rode on toward the river to see if there was any danger lurking in that direction. We had not to go far, and the men in camp were just getting their breakfasts, when we nearly rode over some redskins lurking in the undergrowth, and barely escaped the arrows that they let drive at us as we galloped back to camp, firing our rifles and yelling at the top of our lungs to give the alarm. The surprise in spite of all we could do was almost complete; and although the regulars and some of the volunteers fought gallantly, something like eight hundred men were killed during that and the succeeding day, and their scalps were no doubt taken to adorn the lodge poles of the victorious warriors. The rest of the little army of white men was completely routed, some few of the regulars and the best organized companies acting as a rear guard and holding the Indians back until the survivors could make good their retreat.

We were a very sorry lot, and it was a fearful march back to Cincinnati. There were something like one hundred women, wives of soldiers, with the detachment, who had very imprudently been allowed to accompany the army to the frontier, and they of course only added to the distress and danger of the situation. Almost all of them, however, got safely back to the fort, which I think is very greatly to the credit of the men who guarded them, since they hindered the march and increased the difficulties of the retreat. But they and all of us were glad enough to find ourselves once more under the palisaded walls of Fort Washington, where at least we could rest and be sure of our rations brought down by river.

I have been obliged thus hastily to sketch the background of my own adventures in order to give some idea of the influences surrounding young Harrison whom I had left at his studies, and from whom I had heard but two or three times since my departure from Berkeley; for, as you may readily imagine, there were no regular means of communication in those days between the older settlements and the pathless West. Of course during all this time rumors of the horrors of Indian warfare had found their way to the settlements. They had the effect of so terrifying certain natures that it was difficult to get recruits for

the army, but those who were endowed with soldierly instincts were stimulated by a noble ambition to make life secure even on the frontier posts. Of course we in the army were very indignant at the cowardly sentiments which kept back recruits from our ranks, and you can fancy my surprise when on my arrival, as I rode up to the fort, I heard myself hailed in a cheery voice by a tall, smooth-faced young fellow in an ensign's uniform.

“Now then, Carol, are you going to ride by without looking at your old playmate?”

I reined in my tired horse and looked at the speaker. For at least half a minute it did not occur to me that it was in very truth my own Will Harrison, with whom I had played and hunted from his early childhood, and to whom I had given his first glimpse of soldiering before the earthworks at Yorktown. I quite forgot, in my wretched state of weariness and dismay, to lift my hand to my cap in salute. Yet it was he, sure enough, and very smart and gallant he looked in his blue coat and brass buttons with the collar turned back as officers wore them in those days.

Of course I was ragged to the last degree, and moreover, both I and my horse had been hurt more or less by Indian spear thrusts and arrow wounds. However, Will Harrison had me into his quarters in short

order, and it was not long before I was washed and dressed and lying luxuriously in a bunk with a change of clothing and clean blankets under me.

Ensign Harrison had been at the post for only a few days, having travelled overland from Philadelphia, and met the news of St. Clair's defeat only after he had passed beyond the mountains. That was rather a gloomy reception for a young soldier full of courage and ambition. However, his was one of those natures that having once resolved to do a thing is simply stimulated to higher effort by occurrences that discourage weaker characters. He had taken hold of his new duties so vigorously and intelligently that he had won the confidence of the officer left behind in command of the garrison while the main army was at the front, and now he had his hands full in attending to the wants of the broken and destitute relics of St. Clair's ill-fated detachment, which now for several days past had been straggling in from the northern wilderness.

He found time, however, to give me a cheery welcome, but promptly left me in charge of his servant — it was old Tom, the same who had gone with us to college, and who had insisted, in spite of his gray woolly topknot, upon accompanying young Master William to the wars. The faithful old slave was overjoyed at seeing me alive, and save for some insignificant



"WE LIGHTED A FIRE ON THE HEARTH AND MADE A CUP OF TEA."

scratches as well as ever. He brought me a generous repast of hot yellow corn bread and fried bacon, the like of which I had not seen for many a day, and after eating which to an enormous extent I naturally fell asleep, though it was early in the forenoon and did not waken again until far into the night. I was aroused at last shortly after midnight by the young ensign returning to his quarters from a special tour of outpost duty upon which he had been detailed. We lighted a fire on the hearth and made a cup of tea, he not feeling inclined to sleep yet, and I having had enough of it for the time being. So I began forthwith to ask him about affairs in Virginia, and how had he managed in spite of the opposition of his father and so many of his influential friends to get into the army. But he would answer none of my questions till I had given him the story of my own personal experiences during the disastrous campaign that had just ended.

He listened eagerly and sadly, and when I had ended his only comment was, "Well, Carol, I suppose it is not for a young ensign like me, just reported for duty, to criticise veterans of the Revolution, but I've learned something from your story that is not in any of the books on the art of war, so far as I have read them. You and I, Carol, have our work cut out for us; this rabble that has just come out of the woods has got to

be made over again into an army, and you and I have got to do our part, or else in a few years we shall see the British flag flying here on Fort Washington, and the Ohio River will be the boundary between the United States and Canada. Now, to begin with, let us promise each other right here that we will let liquor alone and persuade as many others of our fellow-soldiers as we can to do likewise."

So we two stood up in the little log-built officers' quarters that he occupied and shook hands on it; and it turned out very well that we did so, for there set in from that time a dreadful period of intemperance among the vanquished and disorganized soldiers that had at last to be put down with the strong hand of authority. I think that agreement of ours was perhaps the beginning of the first temperance society that was founded in the Northwest Territory; at any rate, it saved a lot of young fellows from going to the bad at a killing pace, and although there were no records kept of its organization or of what it accomplished, I am well assured that Ensign Harrison should have a large credit mark if any records are kept on high concerning the work of temperance pioneers. I say all this, too, fully recognizing that some of those who took part in the presidential campaign of 1840 will laugh my assertions to scorn, but the abominable

excesses of that campaign were due not to President Harrison's personal influence, but rather to the mis-directed zeal of some of his followers.

We were just beginning to get sleepy after our tea and our talk, when a distant shot rang out on the still night. Then two or three more, followed by a long-drawn war-whoop, and then the drum beat the alarm at the guard-house.

Ensign Harrison buckled on his sword and was off to his company in a few seconds, but it was several minutes before I could get my equipments together. I was sufficiently rested now to feel a natural impulse to take a hand if there was any fighting to be done; so I got into such clothes as I could lay my hands upon, hunted up rifle, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, and looked to the priming as I ran down into the parade ground, reaching the sally-port just in time to slip through with the last files of Harrison's company. In a moment I ran forward, joining him at the head of the detachment, for the captain was not present for duty for some reason, so the young and inexperienced ensign had to take charge in his place.

He had been ordered out to reinforce the outposts, which had been stealthily attacked and driven in toward the fort by a party of Indians which had followed St. Clair's rear guard almost to the edge of the timber.

Outside the fort there was a deal of confusion ; for there had sprung up a little hamlet of wretched hovels, occupied mainly by camp-followers and the disorderly element that collected around the fort ever since it had been erected and occupied by a garrison. These people turned out in all sorts of dress and undress, wildly clamoring for admission to the safe protection of the fort ; but the officer of the guard was obdurate, well knowing that it was easier to keep them outside than it was to get them out after they were once in. He knew also that in all probability the Indians would not venture very near the fort, and there would be time enough to save most of these worthless lives even if the attack were pressed to close quarters.

Through all this ruck Harrison led his company in good shape, and their steady tramp, with muskets sloped on the right shoulder and a semblance of orderly control, went far to restore confidence. Over toward the edge of the woods muskets were flashing and men shouting, and presently, as we advanced toward the scene of action, we began to hear spent bullets humming past our ears, which showed that there was really somebody to fight, who was firing in our direction.

"Carol," said the ensign to me, "run forward and see where our men are. Tell the officer in command that I

will deploy along the old stump fence here and hold it for him to fall back upon."

By the time I reached the advance line there was no chance to deliver this message, for the officer in command had been tomahawked at the first attack. There was only a sergeant in command, and the fifteen or twenty men who remained in fighting trim were falling back as fast as they could, without abandoning their skirmish formation and running for shelter in disorder.

So when I found out what was the state of things, I sung out so that all could hear, that the stump fence was well manned, and so in a few minutes we were all lined up behind it with pieces reloaded, and waiting in dead silence, for Harrison had ordered us to cease firing until we could learn something of the enemy's force. The Indians had apparently stopped to reconnoitre, for their firing ceased also, except for an occasional arrow sent at random, and Harrison took advantage of the pause to strengthen his flanks by rolling a few of the stumps out of the general line and sent word back to the fort where he was, that he would hold the position until relieved.

It did my heart good to see the young fellow take to his chosen profession so kindly, keeping his men well in hand, walking up and down behind them as they stood by the stumps, and perfectly cool amidst the unavoid-

able confusion of a night skirmish. He acted, in short, as if he had been used to it all his life long, and, old soldier as I was, I could not but feel that he had done right in choosing the army as his profession.

By this time our eyes had recovered from the blinding effects of the musketry fire, and some of the keener-sighted among the men made out Indians slinking along, with their peculiar half-crouching gait, toward the flanks of our position. To this end they had separated into two parties, having evidently reconnoitred the ground and guessed at our weak point. As they were easily within range, Harrison ordered a volley, cautioning his men to aim low, and when the smoke cleared away there were no Indians to be seen, though distant yells were heard till daylight appeared.

The weight of our volley had told them that the little squad which had been keeping them in check had been largely reënforced, and they had retired precipitately, not feeling equal to encountering the strong resistance that was evidently prepared for them.

Such was Harrison's first skirmish. It was but a small affair, but I was proud to see how well he carried himself. An orderly presently appeared, directing us to withdraw to the fort as soon as it was light enough to bring in the dead and wounded, so we waited until the dawn was far enough advanced for us

to go down toward the edge of the woods without falling into any unsuspected trap. There were half a dozen of our own men killed or wounded, including Lieutenant Wesson, who had been hit in the head by a tomahawk as before described; he had been brought off the field by his men, who had gallantly rescued him, else he would never have lived to tell the tale. The Indians, whom we had discovered by the character of their war-whoop to be Miamis and Hurons, left only two of their dead behind them, and these they had probably overlooked in the darkness. The rest of their dead and wounded, if any, and there must have been a considerable number, they had carried off, as is their universal custom when possible.

CHAPTER XI.

DOCTOR *versus* SOLDIER.

ENSIGN HARRISON made his report verbally to General St. Clair, who was somewhat recovered from his gout after the shaking up he had endured while riding a packhorse during his hasty flight before the victorious savages of the north. The old general commended his subaltern for having acted with good judgment and discretion, and although the commendation came from a defeated and broken-hearted man, we knew that he was, nevertheless, a good soldier, and praise from him was not to be held in light esteem.

During the day following this skirmish I managed to get Mr. Harrison to tell me something of how he had passed the four years since I saw him. I will try to tell the story as nearly as I can in his own words.

"Why," said he, "there is not much to tell. The Governor, as you know, was backed up by Mr. Robert Morris and my cousin, Peyton Randolph, and I know not how many more of our Virginian grandees, none of whom would hear of my being a soldier, so I said to myself that it was of no use to organize a

rebellion against their authority, and I had best learn all I could about everything else while waiting for something to turn up. But I did not forget what I was waiting for, and I had many an opportunity to talk with Colonel Bassett and General Lee and even with Washington himself about my ambition. They were all very kind and encouraging, but at the same time they told me, just as you did, that I had best follow out the wishes of my parents at least until I came of age.

“So at it I went, and studied with a view of becoming a doctor of medicine, or a surgeon, or something of that sort, but you may be sure that I did not limit my reading altogether to that line of investigation. I think you would be surprised, Carol, if you could see what a stack of books I have read about war and history, and military campaigns, and all that sort of thing. I don't remember as much about it as I wish I did, but I suspect that is the way with everybody that attempts to study a large subject. Anyhow, I kept it up for near four years, and last winter it was arranged that I should go to Philadelphia to finish my medical studies under Dr. Benjamin Rush, who, you know, is a very famous man and an old crony of my father's, having with him signed the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards served as surgeon-gen-

eral to the army. I suppose that you never heard of the medical school that he has started in Philadelphia. No? Well, he has started one, and if it were not for this Indian trouble, and other possible things that I would rather take a hand in, I think I would like to stay with him, for he is a very fine old gentleman.¹

“Well, when spring came I sailed away on the old *Tarrapin*, and took stage from Baltimore, but on the way there came an express rider who overtook us and handed me a black-bordered letter telling of the dear old Governor’s death. He had just been reelected to the House of Burgesses, and so died almost with his harness on.”

This was the first that I had heard of Squire Harrison’s death, which had in fact occurred some months previously, and I must needs learn more about it. In the course of the questioning it came out that Miss Dorothy and Harry Byrd had married less than six months after my departure. For some reason the ensign glanced searchingly at me as he let fall this bit of information, for what reason I am sure I cannot say, but my own eyes somehow would not meet his at the moment, and he went on with his story.

“It was of no use to turn back. My mother, indeed,

¹ From this school grew the great medical colleges of Philadelphia, which are among the most successful and important of any in the land.

ever thoughtful of my welfare, even in the bitterness of her distress at the Governor's death, wrote me in this same letter to continue my journey. So on I went to Philadelphia and was most cordially received by Dr. Rush, who lost no time in having me meet Dr. Shippen and Dr. Wister, who stood at the very head of their profession at that time. Had it not been for other influences, I suppose I should have yielded to the attractions of a professional life, for I can tell you, Carol, it is not without its attractions, and during those weeks in Philadelphia I suppose that I saw it under its very brightest aspects. But outside of the medical circles the air was full of Harmar's defeat, and of the desperate state of things along the border, including the western section of Pennsylvania itself and away down to the Ohio River.

"The people were talking about how St. Clair would presently teach the redskins a lesson that they would not soon forget, and there was a great deal of unseemly bragging about what short work our fellows would make with the Indians when they were once fairly in front of them, and with an able general in command. I suppose that they have not even yet heard how vain were their hopes, and how badly the little army of which they were so proud had been whipped.

"Well, the soldier and the doctor had it back and

forth within me, and the soldier generally had the best of it, but could not quite drive the doctor to the point of unconditional surrender. It was a chance, the merest chance, that I did not run away in the night and enlist as a private in order to save the trouble of overcoming the objections of my friends ; but just as I was hanging in the balance, as it were, whom should I meet on Chestnut Street one day but old General Harry Lee, — ‘Light Horse Harry’ of Lee’s famous legion, — and he had me in to dine with him at the Penn Tavern, where he was staying. He naturally fell to talking over war reminiscences, and almost before I knew it I had told him of my own wishes in regard to the service.

“Of course Light Horse Harry was in sympathy with me on the instant, and agreed to ask the War Department for a commission without waiting to consult my lawful guardian, Mr. Morris. The old cavalryman, indeed, was never conspicuous for observing the letter of any regulations or orders which interfered with his own personal judgment, and his judgment was generally right, unlike that of his cousin, General Charles Lee, who made himself rather unpleasantly conspicuous in the famous interview that he had with Washington on the battle-field of Monmouth.

“Accordingly it is not very surprising that the general failed to keep my secret, and I presume that he let my

story leak out to some of his army cronies ; at all events, I received a message next day from Mr. Robert Morris, and suspecting that he had wind of my plans I posted off to the war office, where I was lucky enough to catch General Knox,¹ to whom Lee had been talking.

“There was a stack of blank commissions on his desk, already signed by the President, so there was nothing to be done but to order a clerk to fill in my name. I thanked him, signed the necessary papers, put the commission into my pocket, and walked out of the modest quarters then occupied by the War Department—an ensign in the first and only regiment of United States infantry, lacking only my uniform and equipments.

“Then I went down to Mr. Morris’s counting-room as bold as brass. Of course he told me very seriously that being only eighteen years old and lawfully under his care he could easily have the commission cancelled, but I told him that I was fully resolved to be a soldier, and that he might as well let me go now as to make me wait until I was of age, for go I certainly would, sooner or later.

¹ General Henry Knox was chief of artillery under Washington during the Revolutionary War, and was one of the originators and founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. He was Secretary of War during Washington’s administration.

“Well, the long and short of it was that he finally agreed not to make any trouble about it; so here I am, Carol, and I feel that I have made no mistake. We’ve been under fire together now, and I know for sure that I don’t lose my head when powder is burning. This defeat of the old gentleman’s is a bad business, but you and I will make it up, won’t we, Carol?”

I was older than he as to years, and this enthusiastic outburst seemed very boyish to me, but, on the other hand, he was older than I in all that went to make promotion possible in the army, and success probable in civil life. So I may say that in a sense we were about of an age, with the advantage on his side for leaving me far behind as the years went on. I did not at all mind this out here at the front, where social distinctions were not of so much account as among the exclusive families of Virginia.

The war-whoops of Miamis and Hurons were heard occasionally about the outposts for a few days, but finally they took themselves off, for we scouts made a study of the case, and regularly hunted them as we hunted deer; seldom a day passed that we did not pick off one or more of the redskins with our long rifles, which were far more effective than were the weapons furnished to the Indians by their friends the British.

Coming back from a final reconnoissance, whereby we learned that the Indians had departed at least farther than we cared to follow them, I found Ensign Harrison in his quarters, overhauling his field outfit, and manifestly in a state of considerable excitement.

"Hurrah, Carol!" cried he, as soon as he saw me, "I am detailed to command the guard for a pack-train to Fort Hamilton; I'm to have twenty of my own men, and you can go along, too, if you like. Won't that be fun?"

Of course I expressed my readiness to go, and the rest of the day was passed in seeing that the men were properly equipped for the march, with cartridge-boxes filled, spare flints in their pouches, and powder in their little priming-flasks. Muskets were cleaned from muzzle to priming-pan, and, most important of all, everybody must, as far as possible, be kept in good health and spirits. Will Harrison was particularly efficient in this last particular, for he had a great flow of animal spirits, and had the faculty of imparting his own enthusiasm to those about him.

It is hardly possible at this time, when there is a well-organized regular army, to make people understand what a horror and fear of Indians lay upon all men. It was only the very boldest and most adventurous spirits that rose superior to it. This may

seem strange in view of the recent termination of a war in which thousands of men proved themselves perfectly capable of facing the best troops in the world on anything like equal terms. That kind of warfare, however, was very different from confronting largely superior numbers of savage foes in the depths of an unexplored wilderness, whence escape in case of defeat was almost impossible, and where prisoners were tortured to death with unheard-of ingenuity.

There was no overwhelming anxiety, therefore, on the part of our enlisted men to volunteer for this expedition, and Will Harrison was wise enough not to give them a choice one way or the other. He was, as I have said, practically in command of the company, the lieutenant being absent on leave, and the captain on detached service. So he just turned out the whole company for inspection in light marching order, and made them a little speech about the service for which they were required. There were about sixty men for duty, and he kept them busy till retreat, getting themselves in perfect order for a start by daylight next morning.

Several of them tried to desert that night, being panic-stricken at the idea of marching into the wilderness again, but this had been anticipated, and they were quietly arrested by the guard and returned to their

quarters. The whole company had been ordered to turn out at reveille ready for the march, and after roll-call the ensign selected twenty men, beginning with those who attempted to desert the preceding night, and ending with the best and most trustworthy non-commissioned officers and soldiers in the company. Telling these men to step to the front and close up, the ensign ordered the remainder of the company back to their quarters, saying that their services would not be needed this time, and such is the contrariness of human nature that, having had the trouble of getting ready, nearly half the men were now willing to volunteer to accompany the expedition. Harrison allowed some exchanges to be made, not including, however, any of the would-be deserters, and then we were ready for the march.

The quartermaster and commissary had attended to their parts of the expedition, and the long train of heavily laden packhorses with their attendant drivers were ready to start. The only paths through the forest in those days were narrow trails impossible for wagons, so that army stores going to frontier posts in the interior had to be made up into huge packs which were lashed upon the backs of horses and mules and so carried necessarily by short stages to their destination. The average for a packhorse is

only five hundred or six hundred pounds, and as no animal can be expected to carry such a load upon his back from sunrise to sunset, occasional halts are necessary, when the burdens must be removed and the animals given a chance to drink, roll on the ground, and otherwise refresh themselves. This removing and reloading the packs necessitates quite a large retinue of attendants who must be skilled in the art of tying knots and adjusting and readjusting surcingles so that the clumsy load shall not be able to turn a summersault and land itself under the legs of the horse.

It was therefore quite a little army of men, armed and unarmed, and quite a long cavalcade of horses that wound off in single file into the dark forest that then crowned the hills to the north and west of what is now the queen city of Ohio.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INDEPENDENT COMMAND.

BESIDES the twenty infantrymen of the escort, we had with us a few mounted scouts, like myself, whose duty it was to serve as the eyes and ears of the little detachment, riding on ahead when passing through timber, — which was pretty nearly all the time, — and searching the woods on either side of the trail for Indian “sign.” The first day’s march was trying to our patience, for the horses were ever getting entangled with trees and with one another, and there had to be frequent halts for the readjustment of packs and the like, so that by noon we had only gone some five or six miles, and were glad enough to stop for dinner and an hour’s rest.

In a few minutes knapsacks were unslung, packs removed from horses and piled in a quadrangle, forming a little fort, within which the cooks lighted their fires, and near which all hands were ordered to remain. Leaving the senior sergeant in charge, Mr. Harrison bade me ride with him, and together we made the cir-

cuit of the bivouac at long rifle range, finding nothing of a suspicious nature, though there were not lacking certain grewsome reminders of the late disastrous retreat of our troops. Our resting-place was in an open growth of heavy timber, and a single vidette was deemed sufficient to guard against surprise. We were all keenly on the alert, however, and it was quite impossible for any hostile force to come within striking distance from any direction without being discovered.

After a two hours' rest, the order was given to load up, and the afternoon march was effected in rather better order than that of the forenoon had been. At about three o'clock, one of the scouts rode up to the head of the column and reported to Mr. Harrison that he had found indications, a short distance on our left, that a small war-party of Indians was following the range of hills west of and parallel to our line of march. This was to be expected as a matter of course, and we went our way, Harrison merely telling his scouts to keep a sharp watch, and give us ample warning, while he, himself, rode back to see that the pack-train was well closed up and the escort warned that there were Indians about.

The march was quickened a bit, too, in order that we might reach our intended camping-place as long as possible before darkness fell. The Indians had, no doubt,

guessed where we intended camping, for there were well-known and favorite places along this trail where wood, water, and pasturage were to be found, and where the lay of the land was favorable for defence. So favorable, indeed, for all our needs, was this first camping-ground, that by the advice of his guides, Harrison, who had never been over the trail before, determined to reach it even if the distance could not be wholly covered before dark. The drivers, therefore, urged their animals along, and the men stepped out so that the three or four remaining miles were covered in better time than had been made during the earlier hours of the day's march.

Hasten as we would, however, the forest began to darken around us as the sun sank toward the tree-tops, and a certain seriousness settled down upon the little command as it pushed steadily forward. The two scouts who were in the advance were riding side by side, when we saw them suddenly separate and dash forward at a smart canter, diverging somewhat, with the evident purpose of seeing whether any danger lurked along the crest of a ridge ahead of us and a little to one side, that was somewhat thick with underbrush. The scouts circled near it without drawing fire or discovering any signs of a hidden foe, and one of them even rode in among the bushes in order to gain a better post

of observation, but not a feather or a dab of war-paint was to be seen.

Mr. Harrison was not satisfied, being, as he afterward told me, very strongly impressed with the belief that a little way back he had "smelt Injun," a frontier expression that is not without a foundation of literal truth. At all events, he directed the head of the column to push on along the trail, while he dismounted, and giving me his horse to lead, called ten men of the escort to follow him. The men opened out into an irregular skirmish line, Harrison keeping near the centre, and soon reached the edge of the bushes, when one of the men who had attempted to desert the night before set his foot squarely upon the back of a big half-naked Huron warrior, who arose with a yell, overthrowing the astonished and terrified soldier, whose musket was discharged as he went down.

Instantly the war-whoop rang along the hill-crest, but the light was brighter just here, for the level rays of the setting sun found an opening through the tree trunks across the valley, and the shadowy forms of the savages could be seen taking to cover, our fellows popping at them as occasion offered. It was all over in less than five minutes, and the savages vanished like a covey of young partridges in the forest which was their birthplace and home.

The Indians apparently had not intended to attack us unless, perhaps, an unexpectedly favorable opportunity offered, and so had effectually concealed themselves where they could take advantage of an accident. The accident came when the heavy foot of Bob Morss, the would-be deserter, came down upon the Huron's spine, and he, thinking no doubt that the act was intentional, sprang to his feet and attempted to brain his fallen and helpless foe.

It was fortunate for Bob that Harrison was only a few paces distant, for his big dragoon pistol rang out on the instant, and the Huron warrior rolled over, badly hurt, while his fellow-savages flitted away through the woods followed for a little distance by our men, who might as well have tried to overtake a pack of fleet-footed wolves as to catch these children of the great central woodland. Harrison shouted the recall before his men were out of ear-shot, and they started to rejoin the column. Not more than half the distance had been covered before the head of the little column was brought to a stand by Private Bob Morss, who, with his musket poised ready in his hand, stood guard over the prostrate body of the Huron.

"See the varmint that I knocked over, lieutenant," said he, with honest pride, pointing to the dusky warrior, who lay face down among the bushes, doubtless

expecting a bayonet between his shoulders at any moment.

"Well done, Morss!" replied the ensign, taking in the situation on the instant, and checking the men near him, who would have guyed the fellow unmercifully. "Well done. You see it isn't so much of an affair to kill an Indian after all, when you keep your wits about you. Turn him over, sergeant, and see if he's dead" — this to a "non-com" who stood looking down at the long-limbed savage.

Grasping him roughly by the shoulder, the sergeant obeyed, heaving the limp form over upon its back, when, like a flash, the limbs stiffened, the ready tomahawk whistled past Harrison's ear, making him dodge instinctively, and the dying brave defiantly uttered his last war-whoop and would have done some damage with his scalping-knife, had not Bob Morss driven his bayonet through him — a fatal wound.

Harrison looked on half sadly, for he would fain have made a prisoner of the Indian in the hope that some good might come of it. However, there was naught to be said, for the savage had practically defied us and chosen death rather than surrender.

We took his arms and ornaments and hastened on after the column, for we had no time to waste over a dead Indian, and we knew, besides, for a certainty, that

his friends would come back and find his body as soon as we were out of the way. One of the scouts, an old Indian fighter, stayed behind for a moment to perform a seemingly brutal but really necessary act in cutting off the fallen savage's scalp-lock. If this were found intact, the warriors would look upon their comrade's fall as a triumph, and would speed his spirit to the happy hunting-grounds ; but if his scalp-lock were gone, then his future state of happiness was by no means assured, according to their system of theology.

Thus early did it become the custom amongst frontier fighters to scalp their fallen foes as a justifiable war measure. It was well known that a certain superstitious dread attached to the loss of the scalp, and was clothed with untold terrors in the eyes of the red man. The custom seems indeed very barbarous, for it had been handed down to the soldiers of our present army ; but when I reflect upon the unspeakably horrible mutilations and cruelties that are resorted to by the Indians themselves when they take white prisoners, especially women, I cannot find it in my heart very much to blame our frontiersmen for taking the only revenge that offers.

The prompt action of Morss in bayoneting the still fierce though wounded warrior went far to restore his standing among his fellow-soldiers, and by common

consent they suffered him to cherish the belief that it was by his hand that the Indian had received his first wound.

In single file, and with quickened pace, the little command now pressed forward after the pack-train, and Harrison, remounting his horse, cantered forward to the head of the column, which reached the intended camping-ground just after sunset. Only a few minutes of daylight remained wherein to make good our defences for the night. We were as nearly as might be right in the middle of what was then known on the Northwestern frontier as the "Miami Slaughter House," so many had been the Indian raids and massacres within its borders.

It chanced that a huge tree had recently fallen, its trunk lying nearly across the crest of the gentle eminence. Harrison, quick to take advantage of Nature's aid, promptly set half a dozen skilled axemen at work to fell other trees so that their trunks should fall across each other, forming a rude redoubt, within which all hands could bivouac for the night in comparative security.

The pack-animals were relieved of their loads and watered after a short breathing space, but night had fallen pitch dark before the little garrison was all "to rights." There was no object in concealment, since the Indians

knew very well where we were ; so as fuel was abundant, and could be had for the carrying, everybody who wanted a camp-fire had one, and during the supper hour the crest of the bluff presented quite a festive appearance, and after the men had eaten their rations, animal spirits began to return, and songs and laughter rang through the gloomy forest.

All lights were ordered out, however, at an early hour, and with videttes posted and a detail for stable guard, every man who was off duty lay down on the ground and went to sleep. The chief danger to be apprehended was an attempt to stampede the horses, but apparently our prowling foes were not strong enough, or saw that we were too well prepared. At all events, they permitted us to pass a quiet night, though the scouts and our young commander took but little rest.

This first night out was indeed very trying to all, but especially to our young ensign. November was near half gone. Ice formed nightly along the edges of the streams, and flurries of snow were not infrequent. Camping without tents, under such conditions, is not like sleeping out of doors for fun in the summer-time, and for the young Virginian, accustomed to every luxury of the time, and with a constitution by no means robust, the experience called for a high degree of resolution and endurance.

I and one of the other scouts, foreseeing a comfortless night, dugged a pit and had a good bed of coals at the bottom of it, before fires were ordered out, so that we and Mr. Harrison had a warm corner to ourselves, that gave out no visible light and was a great comfort to us all.

I have spoken of the region where we were camped as the "Miami Slaughter House." It was, in fact, a part of the great "Symmes purchase," which, since Ensign Harrison became in a way its part owner, deserves a word of description. Only five years before the time of which I am telling, a war-party of northern Indians ran off some horses from Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) and were pursued by a party of Kentuckians. A certain trader from New Jersey, Benjamin Stites by name, had volunteered to go with them, and apparently he was the first white man who had sense enough to see the natural advantages of the country. At all events, he posted back to the east as fast as ever he could go and persuaded his honor, John Cleves Symmes, of Trenton, a member of Congress, and a man of great influence, that here lay his opportunity. Symmes accordingly formed a company, and, partly by purchase, partly by Congressional grant, secured two million acres of land between the Great and Little Miami rivers, including the site of Cincinnati, and some of the

richest land in all the wide west. Thither came Judge Symmes with his family, including two daughters, and settled at North Bend, where the Ohio River makes a great sweep to the northward. When Ensign Harrison joined the army, the Symmes homestead, such as it was, had been standing on the river bank for two years or thereabout, and it was not long before the young Virginian made the acquaintance of the judge's daughters, who were sometimes sent to the fort for safe keeping, when the Indians threatened to become troublesome.

This, however, did not for the time at least interfere with military duty, and here was the young fellow shivering over a fire in the northern wilderness and listening to the howling of wolves in the frosty night, when he might have been reading medical books by the fire in dressing-gown and slippers, in quiet, well-ordered Philadelphia.

The night wore away at last, and as we had decided to make a late start, we who had been on the alert all night managed to get two or three hours' sleep.

One more night we camped, and reached Fort Hamilton in good season the following day. Bands of Indians hovered on our flanks all the way, but not a man nor an animal did we lose, and my young ensign turned over his command in due time to an older officer sent to relieve him and establish a permanent post on the

banks of the Great Miami. Shortly after this Mr. Harrison and I rode back to Fort Washington, and General St. Clair was pleased to compliment the ensign in a public order upon the successful performance of a difficult and perilous duty.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Long live the young Republic —
Thus perish all her foes!”

I HAD, of course, made my own set of friends in the garrison long before Mr. Harrison reported for duty, but as I was rather a silent person I did not talk to anybody about my early association with him, so it came about that I overheard many comments on the young ensign's appearance when he first turned out for parade. He had ridden to the post in a frontiersman's outfit so as to save his new regulation uniform, and he was not altogether wonted to wearing his sword without having it get between his legs when he walked. So there were sundry jokes cracked at his expense, and one of St. Clair's veterans afterward went so far as to write home, “I would as soon have thought of putting my wife in the service as this boy, but I have been out with him and I find those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight frame is almost as tough as my own weather-beaten carcass.” Amongst the rank and file he was at first nicknamed “Miss Nancy,” but after the little affair of outposts that I mentioned a few pages

back, it was dropped by common consent, and when he came back from the Fort Hamilton expedition he was as well liked as any officer in the command, except for the fast set who made several vain attempts to make him "pay his footing," as it is called.

The last of these was upon the occasion of the publication of General St. Clair's order commending him for his conduct of the Fort Hamilton expedition. The paymaster had just arrived, coming down the river on a barge with a strong escort of soldiers, to the great joy of the entire garrison, and it so happened that the general's order was read at parade on the afternoon of the very day when the pay rolls had been made out and everybody felt rich and happy. Mr. Harrison was at his post in front of his company, quite innocent of what was coming when the adjutant called "'Tention to Orders," and read out in his sing-song voice the words of commendation. From my place amongst the lookers-on — I and the other irregulars were not required to parade — I could see him flush painfully to the very roots of his hair, and then he went pale till I thought he would totter and fall in his place, but he came through all right, faced inward properly when the officers closed on the front and centre, and received the congratulations of his fellows when they broke ranks after saluting the commandant.

That night half a dozen of the hardest drinkers in the garrison came to his quarters, where I chanced to be by his invitation. Of course I made as if to withdraw, but Mr. Harrison called me back. The little log-walled room did not afford seats for all, though Mr. Harrison, with the hospitality of his Virginian bringing up, invited all to be seated. He must have divined their intent, for he immediately asked me to swing the kettle in over the coals, and turning to his visitors said in a good-natured way, "You know my principles, gentlemen, in regard to drink, so I need not apologize for offering you a cup of chocolate in place of something stronger. This is made from some chocolate that the Marquis of Lafayette sent to my mother from France, and I find it very good of an evening. I hope you will join me."

The visitors glanced uncomfortably at each other, and one who was evidently appointed spokesman and who I noticed was already a bit the worse for liquor, produced a portentous black bottle from underneath his overcoat.

"Oh, bother your mother's chocolate; here's the stuff! We knew you wouldn't have any, so we brought a supply along. Glasses, gentlemen!" Upon this each of the visitors produced a pewter mess cup. "Now, then, you've held off long enough. It's time you learned the customs of the service. Virginia gen-

tlemen are no molly-coddles, and we don't intend that any such shall remain in the First Sub-Legion. Fill up! here's to the Army!" "I am willing to believe," he continued, "that you are not familiar with the custom of the service. If an officer declines to drink with his comrades, it is assumed that he thereby challenges them to make him drink if they can, and their first action is to give him the contents of their glasses full in the face." Here the speaker advanced and somewhat unsteadily filled Mr. Harrison's cup, which sat upon the table at his elbow.

It was a trying moment for the young ensign, and not knowing in the least how he would meet the crisis, I edged quietly over to be near him in any event, but I need not have feared. Harrison always rose to an emergency. He took the cup in his hand, standing with it partly raised:—

"You do me honor, gentlemen, by reminding me of my Virginian ancestry, and their hospitable customs. I am, as Captain Blanko has said, a newcomer among you, and may be pardoned for my ignorance of certain niceties in army etiquette. I think, however, that I may fairly presume to a knowledge of the social customs that prevail among the best families of Virginia, and I must say that I have never known a company of gentlemen to claim a gentleman's hospitality

and then to reject with scorn the best that he has to offer. Captain Blanko is my senior in rank, but I can see that he is hardly responsible for his present acts. This room is my castle. Captain Blanko, you will leave it at once or I will dash this cup of liquor in your face, and I will add that I stand ready to give you any satisfaction you may demand when you are sober enough to be responsible for your acts."

Captain Blanko was not in the frame of mind that favors submission to anything savoring of reproof, and with a rough oath he gave the signal to his companions to douse the contents of their glasses over the defiant youngster before them, but the rest of the company had not as yet altogether parted with their senses, and one of them grasped his upraised arm. "No! No! Blanko, this has gone too far, the lad is more than half right," and two of them managed to shove him backward out at the door into the blackness of the outer night.

The door remained open, and Harrison stood facing his four remaining visitors. We could hear Blanko and his escort stumbling across the parade, toward some more congenial quarters.

"Don't go, gentlemen," cried Harrison, as the others made a move to follow; "your glasses are full, and so is mine; allow me to offer you a sentiment," — he raised

his own cup. Standing with his face toward the fire which sent its glare out across the frozen ground, he did not see what I did through the open door, namely, old General St. Clair leaning on the arm of an orderly, his benevolent ruddy face framed in flowing white hair, and his long cavalry cape wrapped about him. The general halted instinctively and watched the proceedings within.

“Long live the young Republic,” Harrison went on, “and thus perish all her foes.” With a sudden movement he sent the whiskey flying into the fire, where for an instant a bluish flame mingled with the yellow blaze of hickory. The four officers glanced at one another rather sheepishly. Then one, seeing perhaps an easy way out of an awkward dilemma, stepped forward with, —

“So say I,” dashing his liquor into the fire as he spoke. “And I! and I!” said the others, following suit, and a broad blue sheet flashed up the chimney-throat.

The men stood looking foolishly at one another, and all started, each instinctively putting his empty cup behind him, as the general came forward.

“Mr. Harrison,” he said, “allow me to say that’s the best sermon I ever heard, and I wish Captain Blanko could have heard it too. I met him going toward his

quarters in a state that is far too common in this garrison. May I come in?"

Of course Harrison made him welcome, and urging the others to remain, sent me out to borrow some stools, for chairs were not very plenty in those days.

With ready courtesy he told the general that he was on the point of making chocolate for his guests, and invited his veteran commander to partake.

The kettle was now boiling, and in a few minutes each guest had a fragrant steaming cup in his hand, and all seemed, or at least made a pretence of seeming, to enjoy the occasion, for the old general was in a genial mood, and talked most charmingly of matters that were of interest to all young soldiers.

When the pannikin was emptied, the younger officers took their leave, and I have reason to believe that all went quietly to their own quarters, on that night at least, instead of sitting up to a late hour, and unfitting themselves for duty after the manner of Captain Blanko.

When the door closed behind them, the general arose, and laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder said with a break in his voice, "Harrison, my lad, I don't know what happened before I came within range, but I can pretty well guess, and I want to thank you personally for the stand you took. It was well and

nobly done, and I shall try to back you up. This whiskey business is largely to blame for our misfortunes, and I confess I do not know how to deal with it. You have given me a hint, however, which I shall act upon while I remain in command, which will not be for long."

"Why, sir," said Harrison, "I hope you are not going to leave us."

"Yes, my lad. So 'tis written, I think. At all events, I have asked to be relieved. That last expedition and its disastrous end showed me that I am too old for frontier fighting, and I hope they will send 'Mad Anthony' or some such fellow as he to take my place. Anyhow, I am not so old as to be blind to the fact that my fighting days are over. You may count on such influence as I have, however, to give you a good introduction to my successor, whoever he may be. Good-night, my boy. Leave your door open so that the old man can see his way home," and declining all escort — he had dismissed his orderly — the old soldier of the Revolution departed to his quarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OHIO "RACER" — BRADEE TELLS A YARN.

A FEW miles down the river, on the same side as Fort Washington, stood the Symmes homestead, — "Fort Symmes," as it was familiarly called ; for it was a solid structure of logs able to resist a siege of some energy where redskins were the assailants ; provisioned, and to some extent garrisoned, with a view to the doubtful fortunes of frontier life.

There were not many women along the border in those days. Few of the officers wished or dared to bring their families with them, but old Judge Symmes, when he determined to break up his old home in quiet Trenton on the Delaware, was asked what he would do with his daughters, whose mother had died a few years before.

"Do?" replied he; "take 'em with me, of course. They were children when the British and Hessians held Trenton in the winter of '83, and they heard bullets sing when Washington drove the redcoats out of

Trenton. Neither redcoats nor redskins have any terrors for them."

If the young ladies thought differently, and I have some reason to believe that they did, they made the best of it; so there they were, in a log cabin on the Ohio River bluffs, where they could hear the wolves howl at the moon all night, and where, only too often, the horn was blown to call the axemen in from the woods because there was news of a war-party of Hurons or Miamis in the neighborhood.

I can hardly believe my memory when I look back upon those days and remember how we used to ride about singly or in parties of two or three. How even the Symmes girls used to venture alone into the woods in search of flowers, and how solitary dwellers, away up toward the Maumee Settlements, never abandoned their cabins and yet came through all those terrors unharmed.

Yet so it was, and it was no unusual thing for Mr. Harrison to call for his horse, when there was nothing to keep him at headquarters, and ride down to the other "fort," where a welcome always awaited him, alike from the old judge and his pretty daughters. The judge did not by any means encourage visits from all the young officers of the garrison, and he had a way of indicating his preferences in terms which were toler-

ably easy to understand. Captain Blanko and his set soon found that the young ladies were very apt to be gone for a visit to some distant neighbor, and that the judge did not in their case, at least, put himself out to observe frontier rites of hospitality. Accordingly they soon ceased to go where their society was not desired, and my young ensign and one or two others of the best young officers in the garrison usually found the coast clear when they visited Fort Symmes, save for such insignificant trifles as prowling redskins.

Sometimes when the river was clear of ice and we could get a crew of boatmen, we would drop down stream on the swift tawny current, and so vary the experiences of the trip. It was very easy going down, but the pull back against the current was long and tedious. It was always deemed the part of prudence to hug the Kentucky shore, for there was comparatively small chance on that side of running into a war-party of savages lying in wait for just such prey as we offered.

The winter passed without much trouble with the Indians, for they are not over-fond of leaving the shelter of their wigwams when frost is in the air; but with the first signs of spring our scouts brought the expected news of war-dances, and of the incantations of medicine-men from the larger towns to the northward.

Negotiations looking to a continued peace had been going on, but when the grass began to show a suspicion of green on sheltered southern slopes, the spirit of unrest made itself felt in the veins alike of white men and of red men.

It was, I think, in late March or early April that Mr. Harrison, on the plea of making a reconnoissance, persuaded the general to give him a detail of rivermen and legionaries with a sort of roving commission, to go down the Ohio and up either of the Miamis on a voyage of discovery to see if perchance aught could be learned of our copper-skinned friends.

The Ohio was pouring down its mighty red flood brim full between the banks and bringing down logs and all sorts of forest wreckage from the mountains, but we had a stout six-oared barge and a crew of oarsmen who knew the river as a sailor knows the sea.

They did not waste their strength in rowing down stream, when we shoved out into the current. A few dozen strokes sent us out into the channel, where a seven-mile current picked us up. Oars were stowed athwartships, and all hands made themselves comfortable according to their different tastes.

There was no need to detail a regular lookout, for every man was perpetually on the watch from mere force of habit, and I do not believe that any living

thing stirred within sight of that barge that was not seen and rated at its true value by two or three different pairs of eyes.

We had hardly more than settled ourselves when one of the old river-men rose in his place, shading his eyes, and looking up stream.

"What is it, Bradee?" asked Harrison, without turning his head.

"I allow it's a good fast 'racer' comin' round the p'int, sir. She'll take us down a flyin' if we hitch on to her."

This announcement did not make so much stir amongst the men as one might think. Most of them glanced carelessly up stream, and went on indifferently with whatever they happened to be about.

I do not know if river folk still call them "racers," as we did in those days, but no doubt there are racers now just as there were then.

If you will stand on a river bank in flood time, and watch the trash or the ice as it goes hurrying past, you will see now and then a log or a cake of ice that outstrips its fellows in the race, shouldering them carelessly out of the way, or riding them under, and forced onward, seemingly, by some mysterious power. I don't mean to moralize much in this relation,—my granddaughter tells me that folks do not like preaching

in books, — but just you take notice and see if some folks are not for all the world like these “racers.” Away down out of sight somewhere there is a mysterious power that shoves them ahead, and their fellows must get out of the way or go under.

Well, such a racer was driving down stream after us on this April morning, and she came up with us hand-over-fist, for a well-made boat is but a slow drifter. Actually, there was something uncanny in the way that log gained upon us. It seemed as though she carried a ripple at her nose like the steamboats that were unknown then, but which are so common now. Two men shoved out their oars, and a third stood by in the bow. When the racer swept booming past us we swung quietly into her wake; the bowman harpooned her with the heavy boat-hook, took a turn around the iron shank with the painter, and away we went down the river, passing everything afloat, without having to lift a finger.

The strange log seemed so very much alive that I half expected to see it go into a “flurry” as whales are said to do, when the iron strikes home, but she took no notice.

The real reason for this extraordinary speed of racing logs lies somewhere in their wetted, or submerged section, but I cannot tell why, for the swiftest part of

the current is, or ought to be, very near the surface of the water.

At any rate, it afforded us unbounded satisfaction, and many were the rough jokes that passed among the men, who, after the manner of their kind, began telling yarns about racers that they had met, until old man Bradee related in most serious and circumstantial fashion how in colony times he had lassoed a racer that had lost her bearings in the back-water down Cairo way, where the Mississippi and the Ohio "get so mixed up that you cayn't tell t'other from which. Well, cap, you may b'lieve me or not, but that there racer got so muddled in the eddies that at length she got p'inted up the Ohio, and away she went, lickety-split, ag'in the current. It were just afore then that I roped her, and as soon as I seen she meant business, me and my pardner got a good hot supper—we had a big dugout with a clay fireplace in one eend. Then we rolled up in our buffaloes and went to sleep in the bottom of the dugout. That was afore Fort Wash was tho't on, an' next mornin' when I sot up an' rubbed my eyes open, we was just a passin' Pittsburgh."

"Didn't you 'uns get a little disturbed like when you struck the 'Big Swift'?" asked one of the men.

"Nary time! Slept right through it all, me an' my pardner. I kep' that there racer goin' on five year, and

I was allowin' to sell her to King George for a man-o'-war when she slipped her halter one night and got away, an' warn't never heerd on no more. She was wore down pretty slim by that time tho', and I hadn't much more use for her, tho' she'd have done well enough for a king's ship!"

"Who was your pardner, Bradee?" asked the man who pulled stroke. Bradee turned sadly toward him:

"Bill Knox, I'm sorry to have you a tryin' to discredit that there gospel I've been tellin' you 'uns. My pardner? Why, he was a namesake of yourn, — Knox, Joseph Knox. He was hung for sheep stealin' over in the Virginy settlements. I reckon the cap'n here must ha' knowed him."

Harrison laughingly denied the honor, and I saw him eagerly watching the bend of the river ahead of us, for we were fast nearing the point where we might expect to sight the low gray log walls and the smoking chimneys of Fort Symmes. What other racer stories were in reserve I am sure I cannot tell, for as Bradee concluded his truthful tale, Harrison tapped me on the shoulder with:

"Look, Carol! What is that just under the bluff? A woman's dress, sure as I'm alive, and see, are not those redskins among the trees higher up? Yes — cast off the line, for'ard there. Out oars! men! Fresh prime your pieces, every one. There may be work ahead for us."

CHAPTER XV.

“JOHNNY APPLESEED.”

THE men shoved their oars outboard in a twinkling, those on the hither side bearing off from the log with their blades till there was space to catch the water, when all began pulling with a will, and the heavy boat surged forward, soon drawing ahead of the racer. The rest of us looked to the priming of rifles and muskets, first their own and then those belonging to the rowers.

Of course the Indians had seen us quite as soon as we saw them, and they took to cover in leisurely way, more as if from force of habit than from any hostile intent. Two figures remained standing a little back from the edge of the bluff, one of them evidently the chief, who raised his arm with open hand to indicate peaceful intent. The other was a queer personage in an indescribable dress, with a leathern bag slung over his shoulder. Some of the scouts at once recognized him as “Johnny Appleseed.”

As we drew nearer, we could see that two women cowered under the bank quite out of sight from above,

but plainly visible to us from the river. Mr. Harrison's face grew white and tense as he recognized the two young ladies from Fort Symmes. We could only guess, as indeed proved to be the fact, that they had wandered along the river bank in search of early spring flowers, and becoming in some way aware of Indians, had hidden themselves at the waterside, hoping to escape notice. This they had seemingly done, for had they been discovered, they would have been seized on the instant and carried off as captives to the Indian towns, where life in slavery or death by torture would surely have been their fate.

Manifestly the Indians had us at a disadvantage if they chose to stand us off, for they were scattered and well sheltered by tree trunks and by small inequalities of the ground, while we were all bunched together in the boat without anything to shield us from bullet or arrow. Moreover, they outnumbered us so that an attempt to land and rush their position was practically out of the question. However, the chief made the sign for a friendly interview, and Mr. Harrison headed the boat for a big log that had grounded upon a bank a little above where the girls were in hiding.

"I am going to land, Carol," the ensign said to me, "and have 'a peace-talk' with those Indians. You, Bradee, as soon as ever I get them 'palavering,' drop

the boat quietly down to where the girls are, get them aboard, and hide them in the bottom of the boat, under blankets and coats, and if the Indians lay hold on us, you shove off and get away down to Fort Symmes if you can. Blaze away, and don't mind us if it comes to that, but save the women if you can."

"All right, sir! we'll do our durndest," answered Bradee, and with that the barge rounded to alongside the log, and we two scrambled up to the crest of the steep clay bank, where we were met by the chief, whom I recognized as "Stone-eater," one of the most daring and cruel of the braves who had fought us the year before. I thought it boded us no good, and trembled lest some keen-eyed savage should suspect the presence of the young women under the bank. They were well concealed, however, for the present, and unless some unforeseen accident called the Indians to the bank just above them they could not be discovered.

Harrison had been present at more than one council with the red men, and was quite competent to go through the usual ceremonies and make the necessary protestations in regard to speaking with a single tongue and having an undying affection for Indians in general. The chief was evidently taken aback at meeting such a smooth-faced boy as Harrison was at that time, but the two talked partly by signs and partly by word

of mouth, Harrison's object being, of course, to gain time, till the chief's followers one by one drew near, and we were soon quite surrounded by as dangerous a looking war-party as it has ever been my fortune to behold.

Matters were progressing swimmingly when I became aware that two Indians were leaving the group, and stealing cautiously toward the very point of the bank where we did not want them to go. I thought that the game was up sure enough, for they had undoubtedly heard some noise from the boat that aroused their suspicions.

Just at this moment, and in the nick of time, a burst of strange idiotic laughter rang through the forest, and Johnny Appleseed came running toward us, swinging his bag and pointing toward a level bit of river bank fifty yards or so above our council ground.

Indians always treat the insane with great respect and consideration, believing them to be under the especial protection of the Great Spirit, and thanks to this diversion, the attention of everybody was for the moment directed to Johnny's performances.

He ran or shambled along till he came to the level place, where, laying his old coon-skin cap on the ground, he went down upon his knees and began to pray in a loud voice. What he said I do not know, for I felt that our lives hung upon a thread, but the prayer, whatever it was, brought instant answer.

An awe-stricken whisper passed from man to man among the savages, and forgetting the "talk" with the "palefaces," they drew nearer to the queer suppliant figure that knelt upon the withered grass. For a few minutes Johnny continued his prayer, then rose, put on his cap, drew a sharp-pointed stick from his belt, and advancing to the edge of the little plateau made a shallow hole in the soil. Leaving the stick standing upright in this, he thrust one hand into his bag, and extracting some very small object therefrom dropped it into the hole and covered it with earth.

This operation he repeated seven times with due solemnity, then returning to the middle of the plateau, again he uncovered, stood silent with bowed head for a moment, and then without a glance at the observant group of strangely assorted spectators, strode off into the forest.

For the first time Harrison and I dared to exchange glances with something like a sigh of relief, for some ten minutes had passed, and we were certain that the girls were by this time safe on board the barge.

The warrior turned to Harrison. "Johnny make good medicine?" he asked.

"Yes. He prayed to the Great Spirit that a wigwam might be built upon the place where he knelt, and that the red man and the paleface might smoke the peace pipe there together."

"Johnny great medicine-man," said the warrior. "You and me — let us smoke together here."

"My brother speaks well," said Harrison, "but first let me send my boat down to Fort Symmes; the people there are in want of corn, and I am taking some to them. I and my white brother will walk down the river bank after we have smoked."

"It is well," replied the chief, and he strode away to prepare the pipe followed by most of his braves.

Harrison went to the edge of the bluff, and hailing Bradee bade him drop down to Fort Symmes, and we would follow on foot.

With an expressive wink Bradee gave his superior to understand that the blankets carelessly piled in the stern sheets covered a very precious species of cargo. Then he ordered the bowman to shove off; the boat, swinging out into the current, passed out of sight around the curving shore, and we returned with lighter hearts to sit on the ground about a fire for the better part of an hour, and in solemn silence pass a red clay pipe from hand to hand, each taking a whiff, in turn, until the circuit was several times completed.

The ceremony ended, renewed pledges of good will were exchanged, and we two palefaces marched off together, well satisfied with the conclusion of what promised at the first to be a most perilous affair.

I must not close this chapter without a word about "Johnny Appleseed," a real character who spent his winters in patiently collecting seeds wherever he could get them in the settlements. He would dry these carefully, and when he had filled all the bags that he could conveniently carry, would tramp off into the wilderness and plant the seeds one by one, wherever the mood took him. He came and went freely among the fiercest of the Indian tribes, for they respected his infirmity, and to this day "Johnny Appleseed's orchards" are to be found in unexpected nooks scattered over what was once the Northwestern Territory.

It was shrewdly suspected, however, that Johnny's madness was not quite without method, for he would sometimes appear unexpectedly, and give warning to his friends among the settlers when the Indians were preparing to go upon the war-path, and occasionally when the danger was imminent as in the instance just related, he would go to work planting his seeds where he was certain to be seen by the Indians, and so ward off the intended attack, for they thought that he was engaged in some mysterious religious rite that it would not be safe to disregard.

Of course the result of Johnny's labors was not of any especial value as regards fruit, but the young apple trees, springing up amidst the giant oaks and walnuts of

the primeval forest, gave cheer to many a homesick settler from the old colonies, and originally fixed the location of hundreds of homes in the Ohio valley.

It was, as we reckoned, some five miles to Fort Symmes, but there was a good trail, and as we were fast walkers we covered it in about an hour, and came out into the home-clearing just in time to hear the horn blown and see the axemen scurrying out of the timber, and the field hands unhitching their teams in mid furrow, while all made for the "fort" by the shortest practicable route.

We, too, ran for the same goal, not knowing but that war had suddenly broken out, in spite of our late peaceable parting with Cornplanter's band, five miles above.

On reaching the house, Harrison's first inquiry was for the boat party, and being satisfied of their safety, his second was for Johnny Appleseed, who presently appeared, laughing vacantly and talking to himself, as he seated himself beside a stump and began carefully sorting over a handful of his treasures.

Johnny was entirely non-committal on the matter of Indians, now that all his white folks were present or accounted for, so he was left to his own devices, and I followed Mr. Harrison into the house, where the judge was reading a lecture to the two girls for having vent-

ured so far afield. They had, it appeared, wandered off into the woods, which were now well awakened to the stirring of early spring, and had suddenly become aware that they were lost.

They knew enough of woodcraft, however, to steer by the sun, and keeping it on their left cheeks had shaped their course as nearly south as possible, striking the river bank at the point where we had found them.

CHAPTER XVI.

“FORT SYMMES” — A RIVER FIGHT.

THE two young women must have walked eight or nine miles before they heard the booming of the Ohio, and they were pretty well tired when they reached the bank and stopped to rest and decide whether they were above or below their home, but hardly were they seated on a fallen log, when they became aware of something moving in the undergrowth near at hand. Whether it was a bear, or worse, some prowling Indian, they could not tell, but they shrank behind their log, not daring even to whisper to one another, and awaiting developments. They heard the unknown something steal cautiously up behind the mass of earth and roots, upturned by the tree in its fall, and were at last immensely relieved at the sight of Johnny Appleseed's genial features peering at them through an opening.

Johnny made them understand that they must climb down and hide under the bank, whither he presently followed them, and, in his incoherent way, told them

that a war-party of Indians was close at hand, and that their safety depended upon keeping absolutely still and in hiding while he endeavored to send off the Indians in another direction. He then left them and was engaged in mystifying the savages by his usual tactics, when we hove in sight, coming down stream, and changed the whole situation, but whether for better or worse, was for a time uncertain.

As soon as he could safely do so, Johnny had made his way, by a roundabout route, to the Symmes homestead and given the alarm, as has been related in the preceding chapter.

There was naught to be done, now, but make everything as secure as possible for the night, for there was no telling what a war-party might attempt under cover of darkness, but with the force now at hand, some fifteen men altogether, we felt tolerably sure of being able to defend the house against any possible attack.

As soon as darkness fell, a canoe with two men was sent across to the Kentucky shore, to work its way up to Fort Washington and give the alarm; and then the little garrison at Symmes' set its watchmen and made itself comfortable for the night, the women folk busying themselves about a good supper for all hands, and the men looking to their arms and loading all available extra weapons for instant service.

It is difficult to realize how under such circumstances people could go about their ordinary household duties with apparent unconcern, but, save for the unusual number of soldiers and frontiersmen lying about the spacious kitchen in all sorts of attitudes, there was no indication of anything unusual.

Indeed, so far as was possible, every home in the Northwest, at that time, was a fortress in itself. The stout log walls were proof against any missiles at the command of an Indian foe, and the inmates must needs trust to vigilance and watch-dogs, to give notice of any attempt to set the structure on fire from without.

In one end of the long building, the judge and his family had their private quarters, rather cramped, of course, and not very private, but far more spacious and luxurious than was common in those days on the frontier. The other end was one large apartment with a big fireplace, where the cooking was done, and where the farm-hands and wandering trappers and stray friendly Indians were welcome to make themselves comfortable on the floor after the day's household work was done.

All the doors leading outward were made of heavy stuff and provided with cross-bars, which rendered them almost as secure against attack as were the log walls themselves.

My place was in the kitchen, of course, but now and then I caught a glimpse through an open door of the family living-room, to which Mr. Harrison, as the officer in command, had been invited. He seemed to be having a very sociable time with the two young women, who were busy with knitting or sewing; while the judge with his spectacles on was reading a Philadelphia paper a month old, and asking his guest from time to time about the latest news from the settlements.

The Symmes were reckless, on this occasion, at least, in the matter of light, for no less than four home-made tallow candles were burning in this one room, where there was a bright fire on the hearth besides. In the course of the evening, Mr. Harrison called me in, to give some directions about posting and relieving the men who were to remain on guard; and so I had a chance to see the young ladies in their home surroundings. Very charming they looked in their plain linsey gowns, and although I had been all my life accustomed to the grand dames of Old Virginia, I thought that these girls looked every bit as worthy of a man's admiration. It was very evident that my young ensign thought so, too, and I made up my mind that one of them, which one I could not then decide, was destined to be of some importance in his future career.

Early hours were the rule on the frontier in those

days, and by eight o'clock lights were out, and Mr. Harrison and I lay down on the floor of the living-room on our buffalo robes. The Indians were prowling about all night, as the dogs told us at intervals by howling and asking to be let inside, and once we were all awakened by two rifle-shots, the guards both declaring that they saw some Indians creeping toward the house, no doubt with the intention of setting it on fire. They might easily have fired any or all of the out-buildings, but the red man is not without foresight, and as he wanted scalps and prisoners rather than the mere passing pleasure of making a blaze, he prudently waited his time.

A brave of the Miamis once said to me in a moment of confidence, "We burn your corn-house, and your stable—you go way, never come back no more—we not get your scalp—we wait—sometime you all asleep. Then we set fire your house, cotch you all. Ugh! Burn corn-house and stable by'm by. Ugh!"

At all events, the night passed quietly save for one or two false alarms, and at the first peep of day we turned out, unbarred the door after a careful survey of the clearing, and were presently cooking our breakfasts at an outside fire, for Mr. Harrison told his men that they must not tax the judge's hospitality more than was absolutely necessary.

Since word had been sent to the fort, it was necessary for us to wait instructions, and they were not long in coming, for by noon a second boat-load of soldiers arrived with an officer in charge, who was Harrison's senior, and who took command at once, not, as it seemed to me, to the entire satisfaction of the Symmes household, or some of them.

I have given more space perhaps than is right to the account of this affair, for it seems of small account, since the Indians did not give us a chance to show what sort of a defence we could put up, but as I remember the conditions, and the narrow escape that Miss Anne had from capture, it seems to me that it was a very important incident in the life of my hero.

After a few days, the Indians took themselves away whence they came, and we returned to our routine duties at Fort Washington, not, however, without having pushed our reconnoissance up the two Miamis, well into the heart of the "Slaughter House" region. We encountered several parties of Indians, but always under circumstances that gave us rather the advantage, so they let us alone and were ready to "talk peace talk" to any reasonable extent, since paleface time was of no account whatever to them.

It was not until just as we were leaving the mouth of the Little Miami, that they attempted to cut us off from

the Ohio River, where we were comparatively safe, but exchanging a few shots with them, and finding that they were so well protected that we could not run by without useless loss, we pulled back for a mile or so up the river, and tied up alongside a temporary island, formed by an accumulation of flood trash, with the intention of waiting for darkness before attempting to make our escape into the larger stream.

It was rather a long and tedious wait, for the sun was still four hours high, and Mr. Harrison's active mind presently set him to devising a scheme to outwit our foes, at least to the extent of diminishing the risk to ourselves. "Bradee," said he, after climbing up on the pile of driftwood and taking a look at the surroundings, "why can't we build a 'dummy' barge, and set her adrift in mid channel to draw their fire when we go down. Here is a good straight dry log of whitewood, that we can cut into pieces about the length of our barge. Lash them together with grapevines, of which there's a plenty, and then pile brush on top to make it look, in the darkness, like a boat full of men. They will open fire on it for a while at least, and save our dodging just so many bullets."

Bradee thought it a capital plan, and the men all went to work with a will, using not only the axes that we had in the boat, but doing wonders with their hunt-

ing-knives. By Harrison's direction the work was so conducted that the scouts, whom he knew must be watching us from the shore, should think we were fortifying the island with a view to remaining there, and indeed we did rearrange the logs a bit, breastwork fashion, for it was just as well to be prepared for emergencies, and the men were interested in any scheme that looked to "fooling" the redskins. We had a good hot supper before sunset, so that the fires could be put out before dark, and making fast alongside our "dummy," waited for absolute darkness before casting loose from the friendly island. As soon as it was dark enough, a "smudge" was lighted on the upper end of the island at Bradee's suggestion. "For," said he, "they may shoot at it if they think we are staying, and they may do whatever they like if they think we lighted it to fool 'em. Anyhow, it ain't likely they won't see us when we do start."

There was a young moon; and as soon as it was fairly set, we shoved off in absolute silence with the dummy alongside, but were hardly clear of the island when an owl hooted in the dark forest and another answered away down stream.

"That's them," was the comment among the river men. "They'll give us Jessie when we git down to the fork."

Not even Indians can thread a dense forest in the dead of night, and at the same time keep a very sharp watch upon a flowing river; accordingly, when we rounded the last bend above the mouth of the Miami, we cast off our lashings and set the dummy adrift, with a drag astern to keep her from swinging broadside on. Holding our own boat back with the oars, the dummy soon left us astern, and when there was a space of fifty yards or so between us, we drifted silently along in her wake. On shore there was absolute stillness, save for the occasional hoot of an owl, so cleverly done that even old backwoodsmen like Bradee and myself were at a loss to know whether it was real or not.

As we neared the danger line, I heard a rippling sound ahead that I knew I had not heard when we passed that point earlier in the day, and, gazing intently forward, I made out that the dummy was swinging broadside to. The Indians had evidently rigged some sort of a boom across the channel, hoping to trap us as we went down. We learned afterward that some of their friends from the nearest British post had come down and helped them in an engineering feat that they were hardly up to themselves. The dummy served its turn, however, for the war-whoop sounded on the instant, and little spirts of fire from

both sides of the river showed us that we were in a tight place.

"Steer as close under the bank as you can, Bradee. Stand by with an axe for'ard, Carol." Bradee obeyed, and I knelt in the bow with the axe and my sheath knife, ready to cut away anything that we might run against. The Indians were of course intent upon riddling the dummy with as many rifle-balls as they could shoot off, and what with their own yells and the flash of their pieces, they did not discover us till we fouled the boom close inshore where it rose a foot or so clear of the water. It was of course under a tremendous strain and parted like a bowstring at the first fair blow with the axe, but the noise revealed us to the foe on the bank above, and for a few minutes we caught it pretty hot with lead bullets and flint arrow-heads. However, shooting with any kind of weapon in the dark is but uncertain business, and we had only one man seriously hurt, though there were a dozen wounds distributed amongst us.

We fired one volley into our foemen's faces, not without effect, as we flattered ourselves; but the darkness and our oars were our best protection, and in a few minutes we were well out of range, sweeping across to Kentucky, where we went into camp, Mr. Harrison bringing to bear such surgical skill as he had ac-

quired during his medical studies, in caring for the wounded.

The Indians evidently were not provided with canoes enough to ferry them over after us, for only one small dugout made its appearance off our camping-ground, with two Indians aboard, and they promptly sheered off when I tried a shot at long range. The bullet was well-nigh spent when it hit the canoe, but the distance was near five hundred yards, and the shot was well expended as a hint to keep a respectful distance.

CHAPTER XVII.

“MAD ANTHONY” WAYNE — LIEUTENANT HARRISON.

OUR wounded men made it necessary for us to stop at “Fort Symmes” on our way up the river, but I am very much inclined to think that Ensign Harrison would have invented some other reason for stopping there, even if such an excellent and humane one had not existed.

The crowded boat made it so uncomfortable for the poor fellows, and withal so inconvenient for us who had the work of rowing and possibly of fighting to do, that it was a plain case of necessity, so we left them in care of the women folk, half envying them their luck at having such nurses, and worked our weary way up to Fort Washington, crossing from side to side of the rushing river, so as to take advantage of every eddy and backset of the current, and reaching the fort after what was considered a very successful expedition.

Shortly after our return to duty, a messenger arrived from Philadelphia, conveying the important news that

after infinite wrangling, Congress, at Washington's earnest solicitation, had appointed Anthony Wayne to be commander-in-chief, and had granted authority for raising an army of five thousand men.

This was cheering news for us, for, owing to defeat and demoralization, our little regular force was not quite what the army of the young Republic ought to be.

General Wayne, popularly known throughout the country as "Mad Anthony," was at this time but little past the prime of life, a thorough soldier, and filled with indignation at the mismanagement and laxity that had worked such ruin along the northwestern frontier.

He established his headquarters at Pittsburgh, and recruiting officers, under the impulse of Washington's appeal to the country and Wayne's personal popularity, were unexpectedly successful in securing enlistments. The recruits were forwarded to Pittsburgh as rapidly as possible, a large number of young men who had seen service in the War for Independence rallied to their old comrades' support, and in a surprisingly short space of time the raw recruits began to take on the bearing of trained soldiers.

There was a deal of grumbling, you may be sure, and some attempts at desertion and insubordination,

but Wayne knew all about it, and gave his men no rest until, almost before they knew it, they had become a solid little army nearly five thousand strong. All through the summer this work went on, and it was not till November 27th that Wayne considered his army really fit for service.

On that day he broke camp, and began the march down the river into what might be considered the enemy's country. He wisely kept his own counsel regarding his plans, and when well away from the settlements, at a point on the Ohio about twenty-two miles below Pittsburgh, he went into winter quarters, setting the men to build log huts for themselves, while he and his officers remained in tents until all the men were provided with comfortable cabins.

Of course the anti-administration newspapers and politicians raised a great outcry about this proceeding, and if they could would have sent the army forward into the enemy's country, where it would probably have been destroyed as Harmar's and St. Clair's were in their day, but "Mad Anthony" knew what he was about and bided his time. Presently the Indians began to make raids in the vicinity, and the newly made soldier-men began to learn to stand their ground under fire, and find that yells and war-paint were perfectly harmless unless backed up by fighting material.

The new military post was named Legionville, and, although Wayne had small confidence in peace treaties with the savage tribes in their then triumphant frame of mind, he obeyed his orders from Washington like a good soldier, and invited the leading chiefs to visit the post and hold "powwows" with a view to establishing friendly relations.

It presently appeared that these half-friendly Indians, who were willing to take council with the whites, had been instructed to demand that the Ohio River should be the boundary between the United States and the Indian country. To this they were no doubt incited by British agents, but a large portion of the territory had been acquired by treaty and by purchase, and Congress could not honorably withdraw the protection from the settlers who, like the proprietor of Fort Symmes, faced the dangers of the frontier.

He, indeed, was far better off than the majority of his fellow-pioneers, for he had a little force of men about him who could handle a rifle as well as an axe, while by far the greater number of the scattered settlers could count only upon their own strength and courage.

Treaties with the hostile tribes had been made at Vincennes since St. Clair's defeat, but nobody save the commissioners and the Quakers, who opposed all war-

like measures, believed for a moment that these were worth the paper they were written on.

The tribesmen had thus far been victorious; they no doubt believed in their own right to the disputed territory, and if they did not believe it, they were only too glad of an opportunity to settle the whole business by a war of extermination which, they judged from experience, would result in their favor.

On the last day of April, 1793, General Wayne broke camp at Legionville, and moved his army down the river in boats to Fort Washington, and at about the same time my ensign received promotion and became Lieutenant Harrison. During his months of service he had by strict attention to duty become an accomplished officer trained in the hard school of frontier life, and so well was the new commander pleased with his efficiency and evident pride in his profession as an officer of the Republic, that he presently appointed him an aid on his personal staff.

Drills and discipline of the strictest sort were enforced at Fort Washington as at Legionville, and early in October the army marched northward, and six days later encamped on a branch of the Miami, where a log fort was at once constructed and named Fort Greenville.

It was practically secure against any possible force

that the Indians could bring against it, but only ten days after the camp was formed, a provision train was attacked, and its escort of ninety men fled in a panic, leaving two brave officers, Lieutenant Lowry and Ensign Boyd, and thirteen soldiers to die fighting bravely against overwhelming numbers. Truly it seemed as though the spirit of '76 was gone out altogether, but General Wayne refused to believe it, and aided by the efficient officers of his command, gave his men every opportunity to match their skill and courage against that of the savages by whom they were surrounded.

Just before Christmas Major Burbeck, with a detachment of artillery and infantry, was sent to visit the ground where St. Clair had met his defeat two years before. Mr. Harrison, anxious for active duty, volunteered to accompany this expedition. For some reason the Indians did not molest this party, perhaps because they could not muster a sufficient force in the midst of winter. At all events, the detachment visited the place, gathered the bones of the dead, burying them with military honors, and firing a salute with the cannon which were found where they had been abandoned on the day of the fight. The commander went to work with a will, and after the rapid fashion of frontier engineers, soon had "Fort Recovery" ready for business, and leaving a garrison to hold the position,

the rest of the detachment returned to the main camp.

Shortly after this expedition, which served a good turn as field practice for the new legionaries, several of the warlike chiefs sent a messenger to Fort Greenville to arrange for a peace talk. General Wayne was ready to listen to anything in reason, and promised peace on condition that within thirty days—"one moon," according to the Indian calendar—all white prisoners should be returned.

Among the Indians friendly to the Americans, was one "Big Tree," a famous Seneca warrior, who had registered a vow to avenge the death of his white friend, General Butler, slain two years before when St. Clair's army was destroyed. When this faithful ally heard that Wayne had returned a peaceful answer to the hostile chiefs, he in the simplicity of his heart took it for granted that peace was actually assumed. He could endure hardship and wounds, and could face death with his white friends, but peace he could not endure while his vow of vengeance remained unfulfilled.

Accordingly he arrayed himself in his war-paint, withdrew to a lonely place, sang his death-song, and put an end to a life that had for him no farther attraction. He was a great favorite with the soldiers, and when the news of his suicide, and the reason for it be-

came known, it had the effect, strange as it may seem, of arousing a desire for vengeance.

Every white man in the fort from General Wayne down to the youngest drummer boy knew that the Indian proposals for peace were made merely to gain time, and by taking his own life Big Tree discharged his own vow of vengeance, for he thereby stirred the fighting spirit among the soldiers. Lieutenant Harrison was among the first of the officers to note the unlooked-for effect of this sad incident, and lost no opportunity of turning it to account. Before the "one moon" had come and gone it was made evident that the Indians had no thought of releasing their prisoners or of accepting any conditions of peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MIAMI RAPIDS — VICTORY UNDER THE BRITISH GUNS.

THE prospect of peace rapidly diminished with the advancing summer of 1794. The British erected a fort at the junction of Miami-of-the-Lakes and the Au Glaize, far within the territory conceded to the United States by the treaty of peace. The French were pushing up the Mississippi from Louisiana and had even fortified Chickasaw Bluffs, to the great wrath of Kentuckians, who threatened to invade French territory in retaliation.

Wayne fortified and garrisoned a post on the Ohio, sixty miles above its mouth (Fort Massac), and on June 30 a general assault was made on Fort Recovery. The strength of the attacking party was estimated at fifteen hundred men, British and Indians, but after an obstinate fight they were beaten off.

In July Wayne was reinforced by a strong detachment of Kentucky volunteer mounted rifles under General Scott, and early in August he marched northward seventy miles to Grand Glaize, in the heart of the hostile territory.

Without meeting any material resistance he gained possession of what he styled in his report "the grand emporium of the hostile Indians in the West," and, mindful of his instructions, gave the enemy a final chance to reach a peaceful agreement.

Little Turtle, who had the credit among the warlike tribes of having planned and led the campaign against St. Clair, was present at the council, and urged the acceptance of Wayne's proposals. "We have beaten the palefaces twice" said he; "but this time they are led by a chief who never sleeps. . . . We have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. Something whispers me it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace." But Little Turtle was too slow for his warlike fellows; all peace measures were unpopular, for the Indians were encamped in force almost under the guns of Fort Defiance, the advanced British post at the Miami Rapids.

General Wayne saw that the time for action had come, and led his legion up the bank of the Miami, till on the 18th and 19th of August he was within reconnoitring distance. At last the young lieutenant found himself on congenial and exciting duty. An aid on the general's staff is expected to be well mounted, quick of comprehension, daring, and of sound judgment. Lieutenant Harrison was all of these, and

as he had easily managed to have me detailed nominally as a servant, but really as a chosen companion, we had numerous opportunities on this march to show the redskins what they might expect when they met real soldiers with young Virginian gentlemen for officers.

We two were almost always with the advance or ahead of it, for as soon as the general found out my qualities as a scout and learned Harrison's prudence as an officer, he told us to go where we liked so long as we could bring him news of the enemy and not get killed ourselves. We were thus able to render important services, and it is a wonder that we escaped with our scalps out of all the tight places that we ventured into.

The woods surrounding our fortified camp below Fort Defiance were alive with Indians, for they had gathered about their British friends in great force, and were in a measure sheltered by the fort itself.

On the morning of August 20, after a night of watchfulness we fell in for the march as usual, knowing very well that there was work before us. A detachment of Kentucky mounted rifles under Major Price led the advance with orders to fall back on encountering determined resistance. Mr. Harrison and I went with them and, after riding about five

miles along the quiet river bank, we struck the enemy's outposts, and drove them into some bushes and high grass. Suspecting an ambushade, Major Price rode forward cautiously and was greeted with such an extended fire that he knew instantly that he had struck the enemy in force, so he retired in good order, asking Mr. Harrison to ride back and tell the general how the land lay. By his direction I remained with the Kentuckians while Harrison galloped off, and in a few minutes the legion came up at the double quick and formed in two lines in the edge of the wood.

It soon appeared that the enemy's right extended far beyond our left, so the second line of legionaries deployed to the left, and General Scott with the whole of the Kentucky horsemen was sent away beyond them to turn the enemy's flank. At the same time Captain Campbell with the legionary cavalry was ordered to make a dash along the river bank where the ground was comparatively open. As soon as troopers rode off, the long line of infantry men was sent forward with trailed arms and orders not to fire until they had cleared the covert with their bayonets.

So impetuous were the legionaries in their charge that the horsemen had never a chance to use their sabres, for the Indians and the Canadian militia were

driven for two miles in the course of an hour, and the rout only ended when the legionaries came within range of the British guns, where of course a halt was called, since we were not supposed to be fighting England. As we came out in the edge of the open, Harrison rode up beside me, bareheaded. He had lost his hat in the scrimmage, and his uniform was torn with galloping through the dense undergrowth.

"Carol," said he, laying his hand upon my arm, "do you remember the last time we saw that flag?"

"I think it must have been at Yorktown, sir," said I, — I always "sirred" him when we were on duty, though we were ever "Will" and "Carol" in private.

"Yes," continued he; "it was at Yorktown. And do you remember how I cried myself to sleep after the surrender, and you told me that we might both live to fight the British again, for all that?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it."

"Well, it looks as though it were coming true, doesn't it?" for we could see the red-coated cannoneers standing beside their guns, and in the excitement of the moment none of us would have been surprised at an order to advance. Our gallant commander, however, was prudent as well as brave, and kept his men at a respectful distance from the forts.

After the dead had been buried and the wounded

cared for, Generals Wayne and Wilkinson, with a troop of dragoons for escort, rode forward to reconnoitre within sixty yards of the fort, so near, in fact, that Mr. Harrison saw a British soldier taking a careful sight at Wayne himself. Spurring his horse forward, he said, "General, that fellow is marking you. I beg you to go back, sir."

Wayne glanced carelessly in the direction of the bastion. "Nonsense," said he, "they dare not fire," and sure enough, almost as he spoke we could see an officer striking up the pieces of the men and making the gunners extinguish the matches which, up to that moment, they had held ready over the cannon.

After a leisurely inspection of the fort, the American officers withdrew, and due precautions were taken to guard against surprise by any rally on the part of the Indians, or their allies.

Around the British fort, and partly under the protection of the guns, there had grown up quite a village, including the wigwams, cornfields, storehouses of Indians, and the houses and cabins of British agents and settlers immediately connected with the military post. As the post existed in direct violation to the treaty rights of the United States, a clean sweep was made of everything up to within "pistol-shot of Fort Miami," as General Wayne said in his report.

Major William Campbell commanding the British garrison found himself, as may be believed, in a difficult position. Knowing very well that his post was within United States territory, he did not dare to open fire upon the American troops who were working such destruction under his guns, but he felt bound to protest against such wholesale destruction as was being wrought in spite of the all-powerful flag that floated above his ramparts. Accordingly, on August 21, the day after the fight, he addressed a letter to General Wayne, asking in what light he was to view "such near approaches to this garrison."

General Wayne replied in substance that in his opinion the result of the recent action was a sufficient answer, and intimated that as no British post existed at the Miami Rapids at the beginning of the war between the United States and the Indians, he — General Wayne — could not recognize its right to be there at all.

Several other spicy letters to the same purport passed between the two officers, and Wayne meanwhile completed the work of destruction, until everything within several miles on both sides of the river was laid waste.

Upon this the Indians began to think that they had made a mistake, and Buckongahelas, one of their most

warlike chiefs, embarked his followers in canoes and started up the river past the fort, where he was ordered to stop and come ashore.

"What have you to say to me?" he asked of the officer commanding the guard that halted him.

"The commanding officer wishes to speak with you," was the reply.

"Then he may come here," answered the chief.

"He will not do that," replied the puzzled officer, "and you will not be permitted to pass unless you attend him."

"What shall prevent me?" asked the chief.

"These guns," replied the Englishman, pointing to the cannon that commanded the river.

"I fear not your cannon," answered the defiant savage. "After suffering the Americans to defile your spring without daring to fire upon them, you cannot expect to frighten Buckongahelas," and calling to his canoemen the paddles dipped again and the whole flotilla passed on up the river without a shot, and from that time until his death in 1804, he counselled his tribe to make friends with the United States and distrust the British.

Little Turtle, whose advice had been disregarded a few days before, was now listened to with respect, and the Indians made haste to retire farther toward the

Mississippi, where it was thought American vengeance could not reach them.

Wayne returned to his camp at Grand Glaize by easy marches, laying waste all Indian possessions for fifty miles on both sides of the Miami, and meeting with no material resistance. Such was the terror inspired among the warlike tribes by one encounter with white men properly disciplined and officered.

In all these operations Lieutenant Harrison was active, and proved that he was as ready and capable on the field of battle, as in the lesser but not less perilous operations of scouting and reconnoitring near a beleaguered garrison. His name with those of other officers who especially distinguished themselves was honorably mentioned by General Wayne in his despatch to the Secretary of War, announcing the victory at Miami-of-the-Lakes.

Two months and more passed before the news of this successful campaign reached London where Mr. Jay, the United States minister, was negotiating a treaty with Lord Grenville, then at the head of the Government. Private despatches sent by king's messenger must have agreed in substance with the American view of the situation, for Mr. Jay was able to secure a treaty which brought about the immediate evacuation of all British military posts in the disputed territory, and

before the end of the year all the tribes that had hitherto been quick to seize upon every pretext for war with the whites agreed to behave themselves, and with due solemnity concluded a treaty which they kept as well as could be expected under frontier conditions.

Several years later new leaders arose who stirred up the tribes once more to chant their war-songs, and make a fresh effort to resist the westward march of the paleface.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN HARRISON MEETS HIS MATCH.

GENERAL WAYNE'S work was by no means finished when he gave the Indians their lesson at Miami Rapids. Only through ceaseless vigilance and activity could he hope to keep his crafty foes so well in awe of his power that they should not dare to renew hostile demonstrations. Moreover, the British agents had not yet received notice to discontinue their aggressions, and the French were striving by all means in their power to provoke an invasion of Louisiana.

Fort Washington now assumed considerable importance as a depot of supplies sent down the river for the various American posts, and as a point whence the operations of French agents could be advantageously watched. It became necessary to appoint some trustworthy officer to take charge of these matters, and although General Wayne was reluctant to lose Lieutenant Harrison's services on his personal staff, it was determined that he was the man for the place. He was accordingly promoted captain, and sent to take command.

His months of training in camp and field under such an officer as Wayne had not been thrown away, and all the complicated details of managing men and providing for the thousand requirements of a small army were perfectly familiar to him.

In addition to maintaining the discipline and efficiency of the garrison, he was called upon to direct the distribution of army stores to the new posts that were established as fast as the British withdrew within their lawful boundaries. Fort Washington was practically an independent command, since instructions and orders could only reach it by the slow conveyance of mounted messengers, or by rowboats or canoes where water-courses could be used. The young captain, therefore, had to rely upon himself alone. Like a general officer he had of necessity to turn over the management of different departments to the best men he could find among the officers of the post. Often these failed him or proved incompetent, so that he was forced to do the work of quartermaster or commissary or ordnance officer himself. No civilian can understand how large a responsibility all this carries with it, for Uncle Sam, young as he was, was very particular then as now about every barrel of pork and every box of cartridges that was issued to his little army.

Added to all this the captain had certain affairs of

his own on hand which inclined him to spend more of his time than duty permitted at a hospitable log mansion down the river at North Bend. Since this frontier homestead was first mentioned in this narrative it had undergone many changes, and was now perhaps the most important private residence below Pittsburgh. Indeed, the settlers in the neighborhood looked with grave disfavor upon the luxuries introduced by Judge Symmes. It was credibly reported that china tableware and steel forks were in daily use on the judge's table, and that the ladies of his family used white pocket handkerchiefs, and not infrequently appeared at table with starched and ironed linen collars and cuffs. Such extravagance somewhat scandalized the rude pioneers and their wives, but it has always been the way of the world that when the means are forthcoming the sons and daughters of men will ever throw simplicity to the winds.

However this may be, the homestead at North Bend, which I have thus far referred to as "Fort Symmes," proved very attractive to the young captain commanding at Fort Washington, and as it was often necessary for him to go down the river on his official duties, he almost always found it convenient or necessary to stop there.

Not that he ever neglected any duty. I have known

him to ride resolutely past the house without so much as stopping when it was necessary to hurry up some lagging train of provisions, or send off some despatch to headquarters, and this too in spite of a white handkerchief waved to him from the open door. I am forced to admit, however, that Miss Anne Symmes did not altogether relish such slights, for so, at the first, she was pleased to regard them, but Captain Harrison had a way of seizing upon unexpected incidents to justify his conduct, and after one of these, which I shall briefly relate, Miss Anne never again expressed any wish to detain him, though I have many a time seen her turn away and press the handkerchief to her eyes after waving it to the captain.

One of the officers of the post, a married man, whose young wife was visiting her parents at Pittsburgh, was sent to Greenville with despatches. He went on horseback, and as there seemed no need for haste, obtained leave to return to his post by way of Pittsburgh, where he had permission to stop over for a day. He was not ordinarily neglectful of his duty, but the persuasions of his silly young wife were too much for him, and he ventured, having ridden hard from Greenville, to give himself leave to stay over another day, thus unwarrantably extending his leave for twenty-four hours.

Now, although the Indians were supposed to be

pacified, hunting-parties ranged at will through the forest, and now and then, when they thought that there was no danger of detection, they would waylay and murder heedless travellers, and perhaps burn a solitary settler's cabin or so, before the alarm could be given and troopers sent to scare them away. Thus it happened that the young ensign in question stopped at a cabin on his way from Pittsburgh to Fort Washington to feed and water his horse and take his own necessary midday rest.

While the settler's wife was preparing the table for dinner, and the young officer was chatting with the husband, two Indians sprang into the open doorway with ready rifles, and without a word, shot the two men dead before they could so much as make a move to seize their arms. Then they bound the wife, tomahawked a child or two, whose cries provoked them, and helped themselves to all that they wanted. The woman and her little babe they placed upon the officer's horse and carried off by secret forest paths to their remote villages, setting fire to the cabin when they were ready to go. The captives vanished as completely as if they had been consumed with the log walls of their home, and it was not until years afterward that they were rescued, and the woman sought out Captain Harrison, then in civil life, and told her pitiable tale.

It was, however, only two or three weeks before enough was known at the post to show that had the young officer been strictly faithful to his duty, he would not only have saved his own life, but might also have saved the lives of the settler and his children; for the despatches that he carried, unknown to him, conveyed a warning of prowling Indians, which should have reached the fort in time to call out a patrol that would probably have frightened the savages away from their prey.

Such was the tale that Captain Harrison sadly related to the sisters at North Bend. All the victims of the raid were known to the Symmes family, for the burned cabin stood only twenty miles distant, and that was almost a next-door neighbor in those days.

"Now, Anne," he said, after comments and questions had been made and answered, "you have thought it very foolish, and perhaps rude, in me more than once to ride or row past your door without stopping. Will you believe me when I give you my word that I have never done so without good reason? Sometimes I think I may say I have saved lives by compelling myself to go on. I beg that you will not make it harder for me to do my duty than it is."

This last part of the conversation I overheard where I sat in the workshop mending a broken saddle-girth.



"SHE WAS SILENT FOR A MOMENT."

The two young people had strolled out from the house and stopped near the workshop door, not knowing that I was within.

Anne Symmes was, I suppose, as reasonable as most girls of her age, but being a girl she could not make such an admission as this stern young soldier seemed to expect.

She was silent for a moment, and then in a low voice :
“Couldn’t you start a little earlier, Captain, when you are coming this way?”

“Why, for that matter,” answered Harrison, laughing, “perhaps I could, if I could look ahead far enough.”

“I don’t care myself,” Miss Anne continued, “but father and sister, and the rest of us, like very much to have you stop.”

I do not know what the captain’s reply to this was, for I thought I had been listening long enough, so I dropped a hammer on the floor, and the two young people suddenly discovered something that interested them in another direction.

Later in the day, as we continued our journey, Captain Harrison was unusually silent and preoccupied, and I, knowing his moods, let him alone. Night was falling as we neared the fort, when he said to me :—

“Carol, what would you say, if I should resign from the army?”

"I should say you were making a great mistake."

"Why?"

"Well, you're a prime favorite with the general, and what he recommends is pretty sure to happen. You will get your major's commission as soon as there is a chance for it."

"That is true, the general is a good friend of mine. Too good, I sometimes think, for it offends my brother officers. But you see, Carol, this Indian business is over for the present, and I don't want to stay in the service where there is no active work going on."

"There will be active work enough in the next twenty years to keep you and me busy," said I.

"Perhaps so, but Miss Symmes wants me to resign."

"What concern is it of hers?" I asked, somewhat nettled, for I cannot endure to have women folk meddling with a soldier's business.

"Well, I've asked her to be my wife, Carol, and she says that she won't marry me, unless I will promise to resign. So you see she has some concern in it."

This announcement came upon me so unexpectedly, that I quite unintentionally gave my horse a sharp cut with a bit of rawhide that I had in my hand, and he bounded forward, nearly knocking Captain Harrison out of his saddle, for the trail was narrow, and I was riding

behind. I heard him laugh grimly as we dashed past, but I was very angry.

Here was this boy whom I had trained in soldierly ways from his babyhood; here was he throwing up his commission for a slip of a girl whom he had only known for a year or so, and as I thought sacrificing the best prospects of his life, for I verily believed that the army was the most honorable of all callings for a young man of spirit.

Moreover, this girl was not equal to him in my estimation; for in spite of my own obscure origin I had all a Virginian's pride of family, and looked with a certain sense of superiority upon this unpretentious frontier maiden who was unworthy, so it seemed to me, to be mentioned in the same day with the grand ladies of the Old Dominion.

While thoughts, such as these, chased themselves through my brain, I gave old Rupert his head, and he, very justly angered by my unprovoked blow, snorted and plunged as much as to say, "If you can't treat me with decent civility, I'll shake you off." So presently I came to myself a bit, and asked his pardon in as good horse language as was at my command, and he presently forgave me as well as he could and "whickered" a remark to that effect as he settled down to a walk. He had carried me a quarter of a mile or so ahead of

the captain, when I reined him in and made my peace. Then I dismounted and let him crop the grass while I smoothed with my hands the welt that I had thoughtlessly raised upon his side.

The captain presently rode up, his Kentucky thoroughbred "single footing" along the trail. By this time I had regained my temper and reflected that it was the way of the world and of the young men and maidens who form such a troublesome part of its population, and I said to myself, "Carol, don't you go and make a fool of yourself. He will marry her anyhow, if he wants to, and you can't prevent him. You just make the best of it."

So when he pulled up, laughing, alongside me and Rupert, I said to him, "Will Harrison, I reckon you're right. It took me kind o' by surprise at first, you see, cause your maw and me we'd picked out a gal for you down in old Charles City County, but I reckon she wouldn't have you, so maybe it's just as well for you to take what you can get. And as for the army, why, that'll keep. But say, cap'n, you just keep quiet about the future." Harrison's face flushed when I referred to the Virginian girl, for he well knew whom I had in mind, but he asked innocently what I meant with regard to the future.

"Why," said I, "don't you see? You promise to

resign now. Well and good! But don't for your life say anything about not joining again if the Injins should go on the war-path, or if the French should become too bothersome, or if Johnny Bull should kidnap too many of our sailormen."

"All right, Carol," said he, "I will keep my own counsel about that. But what will you do? I can probably get you discharged, if you will, and you can always be sure of a home with me, you know."

"I allow I'll keep in the service," said I. "I should not know how to get along out of it."

So with that we came in sight of the fort, and were somewhat startled at seeing the flag at half-mast. Harrison reined up at the gate as the guard turned out and presented arms.

"Who is it, sergeant?" he asked of the non-commissioned officer on duty, an old veteran of the Revolution.

"The major-general commanding, sir," answered the sergeant, sadly.

"May God rest his soul," said Harrison, reverently removing his hat, and so we who had approached the fort making merry in our diverse ways at the thought of a wedding, were confronted by death at the very portal.

During our absence a messenger had arrived bring-

ing news of the general's death at Presque Isle, Pennsylvania. In him Captain Harrison lost a warm friend, and I think that even the soldiers who had sometimes grumbled at his iron discipline were at heart sincere mourners when they were paraded to hear the customary order read.¹

¹Anthony Wayne, better known as "Mad" Anthony, on account of his daring, and especially for his gallant capture of Stony Point, New York, was born at Easttown, Pennsylvania, January 1, 1745. He died December 15, 1796, at what is now Erie, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XX.

GOVERNOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.

AND in due course they were married, Anne Symmes and William Henry Harrison. The young captain of legionaries brought his bride home to his plain quarters at the fort, and somehow she found that being the "ranking lady" in the little garrison was not so disagreeable, after all. At any rate the fulfilment of the promise to resign was not exacted, and affairs went on much as before so far as concerned this part of the Northwestern Territory.

The Indians, thanks to Wayne's administration of military affairs, behaved as well as they could, and settlers pressed forward into the new lands. Chillicothe and Cleveland were settled. The Northwest Territory was formally organized with General St. Clair as governor. The Western Reserve was settled, and the advance posts of pioneers pushed westward toward the Mississippi.

But clouds were gathering over the young western republic. Washington and his advisers saw the storm

coming, and Congress was persuaded to order the building of six frigates, and in 1797-98 they were launched, the finest sailing-ships of their class that ever went off the ways. Among them were the *Constitution*, the *United States*, and the *Constellation*, names that were destined to compel the admiration of the maritime world for the mechanical skill, daring, and seamanship of American ship-builders and sailors.

Our friend and commander, General Anthony Wayne, died on December 15, 1796, shortly after John Adams had been elected to the Presidency, and Washington's farewell address, after his refusal to stand for a third term, brought home to the country the fact that its founders were growing old and passing away, and on June 1, 1798, Harrison carried out his long-dreaded intention, and resigned his commission in the army. He was at once appointed by President Adams to be secretary of the Northwestern Territory, and *ex officio* its lieutenant-governor, thus entering upon the career as a civil servant that was destined to bring him more distinguished honors than he could have won with his sword.

The new secretary soon found himself face to face with problems that involved the interests of his friends, the early settlers of the territory under his charge. At this time western land speculation was shaping itself so as to favor capital rather than individual industry and

enterprise. The public lands were disposed of in tracts of four thousand acres, and no one person could purchase less.

Mr. Harrison was one of the first to perceive that this law bore heavily upon the hardy pioneers who could only secure small sections by purchase at a comparatively high price, and as soon as the Northwest Territory became entitled to representation in Congress, Mr. Harrison was elected to represent the popular cause. His familiarity with the subject led to his appointment as chairman of a committee to investigate the method of disposing of the public lands, and eventually his presentation of the case before Congress brought about the passage of the first law that made it possible for the poor "homesteader" to secure a title to the land upon which he lived, without paying a premium to the rich speculator.

This act, and his subsequent success in securing the recognition of military land warrants, brought his name so prominently before the public that when it was resolved to create the territory of Indiana, petitions poured in, urging the President to appoint him as its governor. The vast domain then included under the name Indiana covered the whole territory west and north of the Ohio River, and west even of the Mississippi itself, excepting only what is now the state of

Ohio. It also embraced for a time the whole of upper Louisiana. Of course this wide tract was practically without organized government. There were only two or three settlements worth mentioning within its limits. It was two hundred miles from Vincennes to the French posts, in the neighborhood of Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, and the intervening regions were the hunting-grounds of Indians who had learned only the vices of unscrupulous agents and traders. Murders, raids, and massacres were of frequent occurrence, and little security could be assured to the settlers because there were no organized national or state forces to enforce respect for law and order.

The nominal seat of government was at Vincennes, on the Wabash, a town whose inhabitants were chiefly French, who cared nothing for the United States Government so long as it did not make a show of power. British agents, too, were at work carrying on a profitable trade with the Indians, and seeking to enlist them as allies for their schemes of establishing claims to more territory than they had a right to.

When I heard how affairs stood at Vincennes, I decided in my own mind that I would rejoin my old comrade, as my term of enlistment expired at this time. I turned my back upon the army, now enlarged and reorganized, mounted my horse, rode through the

debatable land, and presented myself before the Governor.

He was in a room in a small house that served him as an office, surrounded by a lot of land claimants, Indians, and hangers-on, whose cases he was disposing of with his usual promptness and clear-headedness. When my turn came, he looked at me without seeing me, and said mechanically, "Well, sir, what can I do for you to-day?" taking me for some settler who wanted his signature to confirm a title.

I merely stood to attention, saluted, and said, "Detailed for orderly, sir."

The unexpected answer recalled him from the thoughts that were absorbing him, and he looked at me with a frown, which gave way instantly to a flush of pleasure, and in a moment he had my hand in his and with tears in his eyes was welcoming me in boyish fashion.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing the motley assemblage, "this is my old friend, Sergeant Carol Bassett, of the First Legion. He carried me in his arms when I was a baby. He taught me to ride, and shoot, and tell the truth, and let liquor alone. He took me to see the surrender at Yorktown, and saved my life more than once when the Indians were on the war-path in '94, and in the fight at Miami Rapids. He has left the

service of the nation now, to help in the new territory, and I present him to you as my chief of staff. Let him be obeyed and respected accordingly."

This speech was, of course, not more than half in earnest, but it was taken by those present as law and gospel. They all of them, Indians, claimants, and all, came forward and shook hands with me, and for a few days I found myself quite an object of curiosity in the territorial capital. Then I became a sort of secret service officer, and I am persuaded that I made myself rather useful, for the Governor had abundant call for a man of proved courage (if I do say it myself) and whom he could trust implicitly.

If Captain Harrison's duties at Fort Washington were complicated and perplexing, those of Governor Harrison at Vincennes were far more so. In due time Mr. Jefferson became President, and then he was appointed sole commissioner for treating with the Indians, an office which he filled with remarkable success, for he had a special gift for inspiring confidence in the minds of the savages.

In 1805, much to Governor Harrison's relief, the territory had sufficiently progressed to entitle it to representation in Congress, and to its own legislature.

While this relieved him in a measure from personal responsibility, it did not go far toward solving the ever-

present threat of an Indian uprising. He was the uncompromising foe of all who sought to furnish the Indians with "fire water," and a leading British agent (Colonel McKee) used this as an argument to stir them up to revolt, for said he to them, "While the Americans do not wish you to drink any spirituous liquors . . . your father, King George, wishes his red children to be supplied with everything they want." These intrigues, and the rapid extermination of wild game, led to many stormy council scenes, at which the Governor's life was often not worth the turn of a straw.

I well remember one occasion when a council was appointed, and I had learned through some of my red-skinned friends that an attempt would be made to assassinate the Governor. I urged him to send me to turn back the tribe, still some miles away, but he said, "No; muster all the armed men you can, and post them in and around the office."

There was barely time to collect a small guard, when the Indians, four hundred strong, trooped into the public square, and their chiefs advanced to meet the Governor.

Mr. Harrison went forward alone to greet them, I standing a little behind him with my rifle in the hollow of my arm.

The speech-making had hardly begun, when some-

body in the savage throng yelped like a coyote, and a warrior close to the Governor sprang to his feet, flashed out his tomahawk, and half uttered the war-whoop, when Harrison, with a lightning-like stride laid his hand upon his naked arm.

"My brother," he said, in a calm, even voice, "you know Sergeant Bassett. He has fought you and the English many times. His rifle is sure, but so also are those that lie ready behind every house and tree within sight. Sit down!" he commanded in a tone of authority, and the Indian wavered a moment and then obeyed, and the council proceeded to a satisfactory termination.

I have given the Governor's words as nearly as I can recall them, but it was his manner that worked the miracle. It said more plainly than speech, "Foolish red man! See, I fear you not. The whole army of the long knives is behind me; I have but to raise my hand and five hundred rifles will answer."

And so it was in scores of similar instances. Frequent attempts were made upon his life, but his absolute fearlessness was a safeguard that no Indian could ever master, and as he kept perfect good faith with them, he never had to apologize for any broken promises.

However, not even the best of motives could forever stay the warlike spirit of the savage tribes when beyond the reach of the Governor's extraordinary personal influ-

ence, and in 1806, two famous chiefs, or rather a chief and a medicine-man, lighted a fire of revolt that speedily spread over the whole northwest, and once more compelled our hero suddenly to resume the profession for which he had in boyhood and youth shown such a decided preference.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROPHET AND WARRIOR.

ABOUT the year 1770 twin brothers were born to an Indian mother on the banks of the Scioto River near Chillicothe. Twenty-five years afterward — during Governor Harrison's administration, that is — they were engaged in a plot that was intended to exterminate all the whites west of the Ohio. Their names were Ellskwatwa, the prophet, and Tecumseh, the warrior.¹ I have been told that years before this, one Pontiac, an Ottawa chief, organized a similar plot for exterminating the whites in early colonial times, but of this I know nothing personally, and I much doubt if the story ever reached the Shawnees of my time.

The Governor, as I have already said, appointed me in an off-hand way his "chief of staff." I suppose that he was hardly in earnest when he spoke the words, but it quite naturally came about that I presently found myself commissioned to rove about the country pretty

¹ It is said that a third boy, Kumshaka, was born at the same time, but it is believed that he died young.

much as I pleased, with general instructions to find out all that I could about the doings of the leading chiefs.

I always had a gift of making friends with the red men. They knew me for a fighter and as a hunter, and as I always made it a point to keep my word with them, they were disposed to treat me well. Many a time have I slept securely in the wigwams of warriors who would have taken the scalp of almost any other white man alive.

Thus it came about that the Prophet and his warlike brother were well known to me, and I was even able to hear some of the Prophet's appeals to his people, and witness some of the tricks whereby he sought to impress them with his magical powers. These devices were ridiculously simple, but he had the knack of presenting them in a way that carried an air of mystery, and appealed to the religious traditions of the race.

Tecumseh, on the other hand, had early distinguished himself on the war-path. He was famous for raids into Kentucky, and was so skilful as a leader, and so brave in his own person, that he soon became altogether the most formidable chief with whom we had to deal. It was said that he never retained any of the plunder for himself, but gave it all to his followers, being content himself with the glory of a warrior's fame.

The brothers began their operations at a period of

peace among the northwestern tribes, the Prophet appealing to the religious traditions of his hearers as well as to their pride of race, urging them to wear their own native costumes and not the cast-off finery of the whites, teaching them that "fire water" was an invention of the "bad spirit," and was certain to destroy them — body and soul.

At the first he did not secure many followers, and several years passed before he gained any marked success, but he had the perseverance of true genius, and at last having converted his own tribe of Shawnees, his doctrines began to spread. As their power increased, the brothers, like so many of the great conquerors of Europe, began to find that opponents were very inconvenient, and like them, speedily found ways of removing them.

I myself witnessed the execution of an old chief. Tecumseh's messengers came to him in his wigwam, and began to dig a grave before the very door. When the old man understood what it meant, he dressed himself in full panoply of feathers and war-paint, and coming forth, seated himself cross-legged at the head of the grave, chanting the death song. When he had finished, he leaned his head upon his hands and after a short silence a young brave stepped forward, and with a tomahawk cleft the victim's skull. He fell

forward upon the ground, and all stood silent until he breathed his last. Then he was laid in the grave, and the earth thrown in upon him, his squaws alone wailing in the wigwam. It was indeed a very impressive and awesome ceremony. Another white hunter was present with me, and we took the earliest possible opportunity of slipping away into the forest, and putting as many miles as possible between us and those stern executioners of the terrible brothers. Perhaps some tender-hearted reader may say, "Why did you not interfere to save the old man's life? Governor Harrison would have done so had he been in your place."

Well, possibly he would. Indeed, I am inclined to think he would; but neither I nor Bradee, my companion, were Harrisons, and I make not the least doubt that if we had interfered, our graves would have been made, and we laid away in them that selfsame night.

This was in 1807, and I made my way as quickly as possible to Vincennes. I had not been home for some three months, and although the Governor knew indefinitely about the disturbing influences that were at work, he had not previously received trustworthy accounts from an eyewitness.

Matters went on in this way from bad to worse. The Prophet and Tecumseh made their permanent

headquarters at Tippecanoe on the Wabash, and by their direction raids were resumed against advanced settlements all along the border. Of course there was an end to my expeditions into the hostile camps, for I should never have come back again.

Tecumseh himself, with a strong following of completely armed warriors, made one or two ceremonial visits to Vincennes, and but for the Governor's perfect fearlessness would no doubt have given the signal for a massacre.

It was not until 1811 that the President gave Governor Harrison permission to march against the Prophet's town, and even then he was enjoined not to engage in actual hostilities unless it was clearly unavoidable.

Harrison had long ere this exhausted every possible means for preserving the peace, and this permission was enough. The news was received with joy all over the northwest; for homestead life on the border had become unendurable, and with all possible despatch a force was collected capable of dealing with the formidable body of warriors now at the disposal of Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet.

When the call to arms came, the people seemed no longer under the spell of terror that held them back a few years before. They had learned that under com-

petent leaders, the white man was more than a match for the redskin. The disastrous defeats of Harmar and St. Clair were forgotten since Anthony Wayne had trained an army to rely upon bayonet and sabre.

And here now was a new commander, trained in Wayne's school of tactics, a man who had himself fought the Indians from boyhood, but who had, nevertheless, treated them with careful justice and forbearance all through his term as governor of the territory. There was no lack of volunteers, and the Governor had his pick of the younger generation of settlers.

"Brothers," he said, in his last message to the assembled chiefs, "Brothers, — I am myself of the Long Knife fire. As soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers, — take care of their stings."

But in spite of all warnings matters went rapidly from bad to worse. Tecumseh and the Prophet made pretence of great diligence in seeking to restrain their young men, but in reality they were merely gaining time and perfecting their organization. The Governor saw that it was time to move, and assembled his little army at Fort Harrison, a post on the Wabash, some sixty miles above Vincennes.

Here a final attempt was made to bring about a peaceful settlement. Some of the Delaware and Miami Indians had refused to join the allied forces, and through them it was still possible to communicate with the hostile chiefs. I was sent early in October with a message, demanding the surrender of two Indians who had murdered some white settlers, as well as for the return of certain horses that had been "run off" from the settlements. The chief danger in such a mission was in going from our camp to the friendly villages, for scouting-parties of hostiles were likely to be encountered anywhere in the forest, but I managed to slip through without any trouble worth mentioning, and soon persuaded some of my Delaware friends to deliver the Governor's message.

They returned after an absence of three days pretty well frightened with their experience, and glad enough to escape with their lives from the terrible one-eyed Prophet, who had threatened them with torments unspeakable in this world and the next, and had performed some of his awe-inspiring incantations in their presence.

Their visit was speedily followed by a marked increase in the number of small war-parties, and the outposts at Fort Harrison were fired upon more than once until in the last week of October orders were issued

to be ready to march at any moment, and on the 28th of the month, the little army moved out toward Tippecanoe, and swift-footed Indian runners carried the news through the dark forest trails to the council of war-like chiefs.

CHAPTER XXII.

VERY NEAR CAPTURE — I SURRENDER AT DISCRETION.

GOVERNOR HARRISON'S force numbered a little more than nine hundred men, including three hundred and fifty from the Fourth Regulars, and one hundred and twenty dragoons. The remainder, a little more than five hundred in number, were mainly Indiana volunteers, with about seventy volunteers from Kentucky.

The Indians were variously estimated at one thousand to two thousand strong, but they were certainly considerably more numerous than the whites, were quite as well armed, and had all of them been made to believe by the Prophet that they were under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and were invulnerable to the Long Knives' bullets, because of armlets that they wore, which had been blessed by the Prophet.

The order of march was the same as that adopted by General Wayne. The infantry advanced in two columns, single file, the only possible way for a body of men to go through thick woods without being thrown

into disorder. At the head of each file were two or three men, often relieved, whose duty it was to cut off branches, and remove from the trail such small obstacles as would impede the march.

Probably every one who reads this knows how disagreeable it is to walk through the woods behind another person and have branches spring backward with a stinging cut across the eyes. Of course a column of several hundred men multiplies this by as many times as there are men in the column, and as each man loses temper more or less every time he is hit, the sum total of annoyance is very great, and the spirits of the men give out far more rapidly than they would if each had nothing to do but swing along at the route, step with his piece on his shoulder, and no fear of a switch across the face.

Three or four active fellows could thus keep ahead of the column, and without stopping at all, clear a trail that was practicable for infantry. So the two long lines of men wound along, turning aside here to avoid a thick clump of undergrowth and there to clear a fallen log. At a signal from the bugle, the leaders of the two columns changed direction, marching toward each other till they met, while those at the rear of each column hastened forward at the "double," drawing together till they, too, met, when the whole body

halted at a second bugle call and faced outward, forming an irregular square ready for attack from any side.

While on the march the dragoons and mounted rifles acted as scouts and flankers, and when the signal "form square" was sounded, they galloped in and took position within the infantry lines, where they were ready for instant service, and could play their part to advantage in any engagement.

General Harrison, however, had no intention of being caught napping. He caused a trail to be opened on the south side of the river, and after following it for a few miles, crossed the stream and followed its northern bank. This, no doubt, defeated the plans of the Prophet, who had counted upon his taking a different route.

The advance encountered no opposition for several days. So quiet were the Indians, indeed, that it was feared that they had resolved to attack the settlements, in the absence of the army, and a detachment was sent back to reënforce Vincennes.

The main body, however, pushed forward without hindrance, and on the evening of November 5th had arrived within ten miles of Tippecanoe, having crossed Pine Creek at a point where the Indians were not looking for it, thus avoiding certain well-known places where American troops had come to grief more than once in previous years (1786 and 1790).

As I have said, we saw nothing of Indians during this march, and when we halted for the noonday rest the Governor, noticing a slight elevation near the bivouac whence he thought he could obtain a look at the surrounding country, called me to accompany him, and we cantered away followed by two of the mounted Kentucky rifles whom the captain of the troop sent after us without orders. The Governor was for sending them back when he noticed that we were followed, but I dissuaded him, thinking that at least their presence would do no harm.

Reaching the crest of the bluff, we saw another beyond, still higher, and the Governor was immediately seized with a desire to go a little farther.

I asked him to let me ride forward and reconnoitre, and not waiting for permission touched my horse with my heel, and pretending not to hear his recall, dashed down the slope, leapt a little gully half filled with bushes, and in less time than it takes to tell it was at the top of the other bluff.

A glance at the ground told me that Indians had been there within the hour, and as I raised my arm to wave the Governor back—he was already descending the farther slope with his escort—an arrow hissed past my ear between my head and my raised arm, and I could now see that the gully which I had just crossed

concealed a score or more of Indians, some of them watching me, and others with rifles half poised peering through the screen of bushes at the little party on the slope of the first bluff.

We were now quite out of sight from the main body of troops, and might all of us have been picked off by sharpshooters without alarming our friends, for the wind came from the camp, and the report of firearms might well have failed to reach their ears.

The Governor was well known by sight to most of the northwestern Indians, and it was indeed a wonder that some impatient young brave did not improve the opportunity to kill him out of hand, but it appeared afterward that the Prophet had strictly charged his braves not to fire a shot until the Americans had been led into one or another of the many ambuscades which, like a good general, he had prepared for them in his plan of campaign.

The Governor saw my signal of warning, and reined in his horse, the two Kentuckians spurred up beside him, and sat with ready rifles in their saddles.

"What is it, Carol?" The wind brought the words to me plainly enough, though I doubted if I could shout back so as to be heard.

Now the Governor and I, as far back as the days of the old First Legion, had established a code of signals.

Two semicircular sweeps of the right arm meant "Danger!" and these I gave with emphasis, at the same time shouting as loud as I could :—

"Nothing here, sir. No use to come." I had remained on my horse at the crest of the bluff, not daring to move until the Governor was out of danger. I now had the satisfaction of seeing him and his escort turn their horses and ride back to the hill-top, where I knew they were in full view of the troops.

Then they pulled up to wait for me, and what was I to do? I was so nearly surrounded by the red men—the woods were alive with them at the rear and sides of the bluff—that a dash for freedom was hopeless, so I sat still.

The Governor beckoned me to come on, but I shook my head, and, signalling him to go back to camp, turned my horse's head and walked him down the bluff out of sight in the other direction. I may as well own now, after all these years, that I thought I was riding to my death. I knew that the Indians had me at their mercy, but it might be that they would let me pass, or, at all events, would not kill me on the spot.

I had not gone more than twenty paces from the crest when, at some signal unheard by me, a hundred or more Shawnee braves, in the hideousness of war-

paint, rose from bunches of grass, stepped out from behind trees, uncoiled themselves from burrows, and stood silently around me with savage exultation on their faces.

In an instant I recognized the Prophet himself, and thanked my stars that I had fallen into his hands, for he was a great chief, and I felt sure that he would not have me put to the torture on the spot, as some less powerful leader might have done, just to afford his braves a little pleasurable excitement.

He strode forward, as fine a specimen of the North American Indian as ever wore moccasins, and, halting in the edge of the timber, motioned me to come to him. I dismounted, hung my rifle and accoutrements upon the saddle-horn, and, leaving the horse to follow me as I had trained him to do, walked forward as boldly as I could toward where the chief stood, with folded arms, and no very friendly expression upon his countenance.

I well knew him for a soldier at heart, and familiar with army manners and customs. Accordingly I marched forward to the saluting distance of four paces, came to attention, with my right hand at my cap.

"General Harrison's compliments," said I. "He asks if the Prophet and Tecumseh are still determined to fight. His army of Long Knives is ready, but if his

brothers will bury the hatchet, he still hopes that there may be peace."

As I finished this audacious little fable, which of course I invented in sheer desperation, my horse walked up behind me and put his nose over my shoulder, pricking his ears forward, and seeming to regard the tall Indians with undisguised curiosity.

"The general," I went on, "begs you to accept this horse and his equipments, as an evidence of his good will, and he has sent me, the oldest member of his body-guard, to show his confidence in your honor."

Now I guessed that the chief did not yet know how nearly Harrison had fallen into his hands. I had come by a short cut, as it were, and I did not believe that any messenger had as yet brought him word around the base of the bluff of what had transpired beyond.

I was right in this, but the Prophet did not need to be told that I was making up a story to save time.

"My brother lies," he said, with the direct simplicity of a savage. "He is my prisoner, and his horse and arms are mine to do what I will with. He has ridden into my camp as a spy. He shall suffer the death of a spy."

"The Prophet is a great chief," I answered. "He can do what he will with General Harrison's messenger, but the messenger comes not as a spy. He sees no camp

here — only a few warriors who have arms in their hands, and are as if upon the war-path. He comes simply to ask once more for peace in the White Father's name. If the Prophet does not believe this, let him send a messenger to General Harrison and ask. The Prophet's messenger will not be held as a prisoner."

This last hint at superior good faith on the part of the white man seemed to appeal to the chief's sense of honor. He said a few words to some of his followers, and two armed Indians took charge of me while a third led my horse away, and to my great sorrow I saw him no more.

I was led back into the woods, and after an hour's rest we moved on silently, following, as I was confident, the line of Harrison's march, but at some distance to one side of it, so as to be out of the way of flanking parties.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GHOST DANCE, AND A FLAG OF TRUCE.

AT about the hours when civilized troops are halted for the night, a Shawnee runner met the party that had charge of me, and we turned aside into the woods, soon reaching an open glade, when we found the Prophet and several of the leading chiefs, many of whom were personally known to me. I was led toward them, and the Prophet called his counsellors around him.

They stood on both sides of him in a semicircular group, and after my guards had placed me in front of this formidable tribunal I was left standing alone and unfettered. The thought of a dash for liberty passed through my mind, but was dismissed at once as utterly hopeless, and I nerved myself to meet whatever fate might have in store.

Many a time have I stood in deadly peril of my life, but never, I think, did I feel more sick at heart than when I faced this savage court. Long intercourse with Indians had taught me the value of a bold front, and I

summoned all my resolution to retain at least an appearance of fearlessness.

Beginning at one end of the line, I looked each man in turn straight in the eyes, striving to put as much defiance into my own glance as I could. How I wished just then that I possessed General Harrison's power of enforcing his will by mere presence, as I had often seen him do at stormy councils where in most instances one or more of these very chieftains had been present. One or two of them dropped their eyes as they met mine. They were men with whom I had "eaten salt," in whose wigwams I had sometimes been sheltered, and upon the whole I gained courage from the survey.

After a glance at the Prophet, a sudden resolve came upon me like an inspiration. No word had as yet been spoken, and I determined to have the opening speech, yet without saying a single word.

Deliberately I began to roll up the sleeve of my hunting shirt, baring my left arm to the elbow, and displaying in full view of my judges the tattooed emblem that I mentioned in the first chapter of this narrative. In rolling up the sleeve I naturally turned my arm from side to side, so that none of the on-lookers could fail to observe the token. This done, I folded my arms like the commanding officer at evening parade, and fixed my gaze full upon the Prophet.



"I FOLDED MY ARMS . . . AND FIXED MY GAZE FULL UPON
THE PROPHET."

This was my wordless opening speech, and I could see that it was not without its effect. The Prophet was wrapped from head to foot in his medicine robe of deer-skin, smoke-tanned, after the Indian fashion, and embroidered with all sorts of outlandish devices in porcupine quills and bead-work. I had noticed when my eyes first fell upon this robe, that a device in blue was frequently repeated, which might easily be taken for the very same mark that I bore upon my arm, and the inspiration had come with the discovery that I might turn the fact to my own advantage.

I am bound to say that the Prophet returned my defiant stare with a fair show of being able to hold his own, but I determined not to waver, though I was conscious, noting it out of the "tail of my eye," as the saying is, that my action in displaying the token had its effect upon the assembled braves.

At length after what seemed an interminable length of time, the Prophet spoke: "What does the dog of a paleface seek in the red man's hunting-ground?"

I looked at him, if possible, more sternly than before, for a moment, then said respectfully: "Tecumseh is a warrior. He has never called the paleface names. Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, wears a robe with the white man's totem upon it. Let him look!" With that I stretched out my arm with the tattoo

mark plainly exposed so that all could see, and those of the chiefs who could understand me, for I spoke in English, craned their necks and compared the mark on my arm with the decorations on the Prophet's robe.

In truth they were not so very much alike, but once attention being called to the resemblance, they were certainly enough alike "for political purposes."

"The paleface has stolen the Prophet's totem. To copy a totem is child's work," and he began to sing one of his medicine songs, for he had learned that incantations delivered in a sort of sing-song recitative were very powerful aids in retaining his influence over his superstitious followers.

With that, I too began to sing, striking up the first tune that came into my head, which chanced to be the "Old Hundredth." I had rather the best of the Prophet in the matter of voice, and the swing and rhythm of the grand old melody were not lost upon my red-skinned hearers. Their attention wavered, and the untitled braves, who had heretofore kept in the background, began to come forward step by step, until I should think something like two hundred of them were standing around us listening with all their ears, and when I struck the third stanza I began to turn slowly round and round, keeping my left arm extended so that all could see the totem, while with my right I

made the most mysterious gesticulations that I could invent.

Of course this was interpreted by the Indians as some sort of a ghost dance, and so plainly were wonder and awe stamped upon their countenances that I could hardly sing properly, for the desire to laugh was upon me. The Prophet of course knew that all this was the baldest sort of rubbish, for nobody knows humbug of this kind when he sees it better than an Indian soothsayer. But the situation was new, and he did not quite see how to meet it and still retain his influence.

So at last, almost out of breath with singing all the stanzas that I could remember over and over again, I waltzed up to the chiefs and held out my hands toward them. "Behold the sign of brotherhood," said I, "I bear it on my skin—the Prophet on his robe. Send me with trusted messengers to the White Father, General Harrison, that I may tell him that his red children do not want war, but peace."

Either because of this ridiculous dance of mine, or on account of the similarity of the totems, such a favorable impression was made upon the Indians that the Prophet was afraid to strain his authority, and I presently found myself handed over to three Shawnee warriors, who struck off through the woods at a rapid pace, and in a short time we came out in full sight of

Tippecanoe, the Prophet's town. It stood upon a slight eminence that rose above the prairie, and you may be sure that I made note, as well as I could, of all the approaches, in the expectation that an attack upon it might speedily be made.

We soon left it behind, however, and in a few minutes more came in sight of General Harrison's headquarters flag flying over a very business-like looking little army halted on the prairie, with videttes posted well out on all sides, and the men lying about at ease, but ready to take arms at a moment's notice.

We were seen at once, and by the time we reached the nearest outpost, two or three mounted officers were riding out to meet us. I soon recognized the tall form of my general, who had, I was sure, been very anxious on account of my failure to rejoin the command. He had more important business on hand now, however, and we merely exchanged glances, while the usual palaver took place between him and the Indian messengers.

They had been instructed, of course, to ask why the Americans were thus advancing upon their peaceful town, where the pious Prophet and his brother were dwelling in such an exemplary manner; and General Harrison bravely replied that he had no intention of attacking such an amiable community, but was merely looking for a good place to encamp for the night.

The Indians were kind enough to give him some excellent advice with regard to this, and, indeed, offered to guide him to a place where there was wood and water in abundance, and the general, after thanking them kindly, said that he knew the place and would consider their friendly suggestion.

This was all very well for the "high contracting powers," but I was in a state of mind, indeed; for, in the course of the talk, it had come out that the Prophet had told his messengers that they must bring me back as a hostage. I saw in a moment that this meant death for me unless something most unforeseen occurred, but it would not do to show the slightest fear. It was a shrewd move on the Prophet's part; for if Harrison refused to let me return to the Indian camp, he would say to his followers, "The paleface does not trust me," whereas, if he let me go, he might, in all likelihood, never see me alive again.

I knew very well that he was in great perplexity, but I knew also that his personal feelings would not be allowed to influence him where a question of duty was concerned.

"Orderly," he said, turning to a mounted trooper behind him, "bring me that flag." The man rode forward and handed him a white flag rolled upon its staff. "Sergeant Bassett," he continued, "you will

bear this flag of truce to Tecumseh and tell him that while it is in his camp I will not attack the town unless he first attacks me. He knows that I have never treated his messengers with disrespect, and that soldiers always reverence a white flag and its bearer." The general did not know as yet that the great Indian warrior was absent on one of his forages to the south.

This gave me to understand that I was to return once more to where I might be brained from behind at any moment by some irrepressible young brave, who knew not a flag of truce from a cavalry guidon, and I confess that, for the first time in my life, I doubted for a moment whether the Governor cared two straws for my fate.

However, he now rode away a few paces from his escort and requested the messengers to talk with him privately for a moment. They remained in earnest consultation for a time, and then dismissing them, the Governor beckoned me to his side. "Carol," said he, grasping my hand, "I cannot tell you how I suffered on your account after you disappeared this morning. Tell me in the fewest words what happened."

So I related my adventures, not failing to impart all that I had gathered regarding the town and its defences, adding that I believed the Indians were

determined to fight, and that if I went back to their camp I should never leave it alive.

He then told me that he had been talking to the messengers about the sacredness of a flag of truce in the eyes of the Great Spirit, and had ended by promising each of them a white man's horse, and a new beaver hat, if I was allowed to return at once with the flag. Now a beaver hat was at that time the proudest adornment that an Indian could wear, and taken in connection with a large horse constituted almost untold wealth in his eyes.

The Governor was in my opinion too much given to trusting in the honor of his Indian foes, but I reflected that he had generally come out ahead in his negotiations with them. So I bade him good by with as good a grace as I could muster, rejoined my escort, unfurled my white flag, and turned my back upon the Stars and Stripes without any definite hopes of ever seeing them again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A "RESERVED SEAT" AT TIPPECANOE.

THE bugles sounded as we took our way westward, and within ten minutes the little army of Americans was swinging off across the prairie, bound as I guessed toward a "bench" or low ridge of prairie land which I had previously noted as affording a good camping-ground. I took a last look at them as we topped the bluff, and saw the long lines of sloped arms and the polished brazen helmets of the dragoons. My messengers could not help halting for a moment to watch the unaccustomed sight, and we four stood together in plain relief against the evening sky—I waving my flag from side to side in farewell. I was told afterward that the colors were dipped in response, but I suppose there must have been something in my eyes—at all events, I saw no sign of recognition, and we presently went on our way, reaching the town when it was too dark for me to see much beyond the dark shapes of warriors, squaws, and children, and the pointed roofs of rude wigwams.

I was taken at once to the chief's house, where I delivered my message, and said that I would now return at once to General Harrison's camp.

The Prophet and his chiefs did not so much as exchange glances, and I inferred accordingly that they had laid their plans for any event. "Not so," said the Prophet; "my young men are weary with following the white man's trail." I at once offered to find my own way to camp, but the Prophet hinted that there were "bad Indians" in the woods who might waylay and kill me if I went without escort; so I was sent to a wigwam close at hand and lay down with my flag at my side and three armed warriors as companions and guards.

I was dead tired, and dropped off to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the roll of buffalo hide that served as a pillow. It seemed to me only a few minutes, though it was in reality several hours afterward, that I was roughly shaken, and opened my eyes to see the sinister face of the Prophet bending over me dimly lighted by a red glow from the coals that glowed brightly in the fire-pit.

"Come," he said, "it is time for the paleface to return to his own people."

I arose, shook myself wide awake, and followed him into the chill night. I could see from the position

of the morning star that midnight was well past, and quickly gathered from the remarks that I heard, for I was familiar with the Shawnee tongue, that the long moving lines of dusky savages were bound upon a night attack.

The movement had evidently been in progress for some time, but several hundred braves passed the place where I and the Prophet stood, before he gave the word to follow. In the meantime, a group of squaws, whispering and chattering among themselves very much as their white sisters occasionally do, had gathered near us; and I learned by putting this and that together, that the Prophet had turned the totem incident to his own advantage by proclaiming that a certain lost totem had been found in the emblem pricked upon my arm, and that victory was certain now that the tale of totems was complete, and in the Indian camp.

My return with the flag had, therefore, been interpreted as a sign from the Great Spirit, that an attack must at once be made, and the Prophet was even now marshalling his dusky braves for the onslaught.

Of course, I determined to make a break for the American lines at the first opportunity, and as soon as we came within sight of our camp-fires I began to watch my chance. I was presently left alone with the Prophet and his body-guard, who moved forward till it

seemed to me the glow of the fires was scarcely more than a stone's throw distant. I thought of various plans for alarming the camp, but none of them seemed feasible, and I was not quite prepared to sacrifice my life on the spot by giving the war-whoop.

We paused beside a little mound, made by a fallen tree, which partly sheltered us at once from sight and from stray shots. The morning star had climbed up the eastern sky till I judged it must be about four o'clock, and nearly time for reveille. I could catch glimpses of it now and then through rifts in clouds, that occasionally sent down a few drops of drizzling rain.

It was a dismal morning, and its cheerfulness was not particularly enhanced for me by the fact that I was so near my comrades, and yet unable to let them know that the wild, red warriors of the northwest were lying hidden in the darkness all around them, and only waiting for a signal to begin their attack.

I was very sure that Harrison was on the alert at this hour, for I well knew his habits when in the field, and I even fancied that I could hear the sergeant of the guard shaking up the sleepy drummer-boy to sound reveille.

My suspense was not long, however, for instead of the familiar rattle of the drums there came a quick shot, followed by the war-whoop, then more shots and

blood-curdling yells came rising from the dark prairie all around the white man's encampment.

The outermost pickets of course fired at anything they could see and broke for the main lines, where I could see, by the dim glow from their camp-fires, that the men were forming up in good shape. The remaining embers of the fires were quickly scattered, however, and all was dark save for the momentary flash of rifles and musketry ; compact and unceasing along the American front, — scattered and irregular, and backed by yells and whoops along that of the Indians.

Our position on the little mound, of which I have spoken, was naturally in the rear of the Indian advance, and the American bullets made frequent and not very agreeable music about our ears. By the dim light of dawn, I saw one after another of the Prophet's escort steal away to join in the fight, while he, the Prophet, took his stand upon the mound, grasping his medicine-staff. With his official robe wrapped about him, he began chanting one of his weird ghost songs, to encourage the fighting contingent. I began to think that all his escort would desert him and that I should have a chance to knock him on the head with my flagstaff, which I still held. I made myself as small as possible so as not to stop anything that might be flying about at that early hour, and bided my time.

I really think that the Prophet, arrant humbug as he was and knew himself to be, worked up a sort of genuine inspiration at times, and this was one of them. As the light increased, he began to turn slowly around and about, and with an apparent method in his madness, advanced in the wake of the Indian line of battle, forgetting about me altogether. There were only three of the escort left now, and when the Prophet found another station a little nearer the front, they consulted together and sprang toward me, evidently intending to settle my account with their silent knives, and then join in the more congenial and exciting warfare that was waging so briskly close at hand.

Remembering how well "Old Hundredth" had served me a few hours before, I threw myself flat on my back and simulated a sort of convulsion, at the same time striking up the hymn with the best voice I could muster.

The savages paused, evidently remembering what the Prophet had told them about my totem, and the magical effect that was promised from having it in their line of battle. Then one of them spoke in an authoritative tone, and whipped out a coil of buffalo-hide thongs from his belt. I was promptly rolled over, still singing, and in a trice was securely bound, hand and foot.

Without taking the trouble to turn me right side up

again, the Indians joyfully yelped out their war-cries and darted away, leaving me the sole occupant of my little mound, and glad enough to be rid of them. I cut short "Old Hundredth" as soon as I was left alone, and, rolling over on my back, soon wriggled into a position where, by raising my head, I could still judge something of the fight.

It was now so light the puffs of smoke showed more than did the flash of powder. The minor prophets' assistants were rattling deer-hoofs in empty gourds, and I could still hear the great Prophet's voice chanting in the distance. As the savages had not carried the American position in the darkness by mere force of numbers, I was well assured that the tide of battle would soon turn in favor of the whites, for I knew that Harrison would call for bayonets and sabres, just as soon as there was daylight enough to distinguish an Indian from a brier-bush.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXIT THE PROPHET.

IN my constrained and still dangerous position, I lay making myself as small as I might, so that when the Indians gave way, as I was sure they would do before the American bayonets, I might perhaps be overlooked. With my ear close to the ground I could hear better than if I had been standing up, and presently detected the tramp of horses passing off toward the flank; the dragoons were undoubtedly moving so as to break up the Indians in one direction, while the infantry assaulted them from another.

The dragoons, however, were not able to do much execution, for daylight came on apace, as they strove to make their way through a morass, and without waiting for them to charge, the American infantry sprang to their feet when General Harrison gave the word and rushed forward with a cheer.

They found nothing save dead and wounded waiting for them. The Indians broke and fled on all sides, and hardly had the first cheer of our men died away, when I

was aware of silent figures flitting past me, and was in mortal dread lest some one of my escort should remember me and lift my scalp in passing, as he might easily have done, for I was quite defenceless. One of them did, in fact, hurl his tomahawk at me as he ran by, but the line of bayonets was so close behind him that his aim was uncertain. The handle instead of the deadly blade struck me on the head, a stunning but not dangerous blow, and in a few moments I was aware of friendly hands that cut the thongs at my wrists. I was once more at liberty, and able after a few moments to make my way unaided to headquarters, where I found General Harrison in the act of recalling his troops from the pursuit which they were disposed to press to the town itself, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He welcomed me in a way that went far to restore my love for him, which I confess had received a severe strain when he had so coolly suffered me to be led back to the Prophet's camp. As usual, however, his judgment had proved correct, for the Prophet had kept faith after a fashion, and at any rate here I was in the American camp again, none the worse except for a temporarily broken head, with the scalp remaining on top of it, as good as ever.

It was the part of prudence not to suffer the pursuit to be carried too far, as the Indians would, no doubt,

rally for the defence of their town. So the recall was ordered, and the men had their breakfast, after which they were told to fortify the camp and bury the dead, of whom they were fifty, including Colonel Owens the general's aid, Captains Spencer and Warwick, and several other gallant officers. The general himself narrowly escaped death at the hands of several Indians, who had apparently been detailed to kill him, and who with desperate courage broke through the American lines only to meet their death at the hands of the reserves and of the general's body-guard. Thirty-eight Indians were found dead upon the field, and how many more died of their wounds was never known.

As soon as breakfast was over fatigue parties were set at work to fortify our camp, so that we could more easily hold our own in case of another attack. This occupied the whole of the day—November 7; and in watching the Prophet's town, which was only about three-quarters of a mile distant, we could see the Indians strengthening their defences, squaws working with the braves, and even the children lending a hand, but there was no sign of a desire to open negotiations for an armistice, and we had done all that was consistent in that line.

About the middle of the afternoon the general called for a volunteer scout to ride forward and reconnoitre,

and as I had fully recovered my senses by this time, I at once offered to go, provided I could get a horse, mine having been taken by the Prophet. To my great satisfaction, the general directed that I should be given poor Colonel Owen's Kentucky thoroughbred, one of the best horses in the whole detachment, and I rode off in good spirits, following a great circle that carried me well off to the right, so that I could turn and ride along the hostile front at a safe distance, and get some idea of what they were about.

When I had gone within what I judged to be long rifle range, I turned sharply to the left, and touching up my horse to the swift lope for which Kentucky horses have ever been famous, we cantered over the brown autumnal grass as comfortably as possible. Some of the Indian sharpshooters could not resist taking a crack at me from their log stockades, and I must acknowledge that they sent their bullets uncomfortably near, to judge from the whispering that they made in my ears.

It appeared, however, that, unbeknown to me, there were advanced outposts hidden in the grass, and I almost rode one of them down, my horse sheering so suddenly that it nearly unseated me. The Indian was quite as much frightened as I, and only recovered himself enough to send an arrow after me, which passed

through the loose folds of my buckskin hunting-shirt, and still remained hanging there when I rode up to headquarters to make my report, for I thought that I might as well allow it to remain in place as a sort of certificate of good behavior. Indeed, so many of the officers asked me for it as a curiosity that it suddenly acquired such a value in my eyes that I determined to keep it myself, and as I sit in my old age writing out these reminiscences, the arrow hangs upon the wall over the fireplace, with my hunting-knife, powder-horn, and rifle, and other trophies of a dozen Indian campaigns and of two wars with Great Britain.

The Prophet's followers had got enough of it for once, and let us alone that night.

On the next day, November 8, 1811, there was an ominous stillness in Tippecanoe. Not a sign of life could we see when day dawned, and the scouts were at once sent forward to investigate. We rode straight into the town and through it, finding a broad trail across the prairie, where the allied tribes had struck out for the Mississippi, with such of their belongings as they could by any means carry with them. It is a great wonder that the Prophet escaped with his life, for the campaign was his doing. Tecumseh, his more warlike brother, was, as I have already said, absent in the south, and had gone away with the understand-

ing that peace was to be maintained until his plans were more fully perfected. The Prophet, however, in the pride of his heart, had convinced the Indians that they were bullet-proof, — perhaps he half believed it himself, — and, carried away by zeal, he provoked the conflict that ended so disastrously for his cause.

Prophets, however, have a way of explaining their mistakes, — that is a part of their profession, — and I have noticed that some of the other learned professions are much given to the same thing. Indeed, I think we are all very much readier to explain and excuse our own mistakes than we are the mistakes of others.

The Prophet, at any rate, so I was afterward told, fell back upon my unpretentious totem to set himself right with his followers, declaring that the totem ought to have been cut off from my arm and stitched upon his magic robe, an operation which would of course not have been particularly agreeable to me, however it might have affected the result of the battle.

The town was wholly deserted, and we quickly signalled the fact to the general, who forthwith galloped over with his staff, and by nightfall nothing remained of the Indian stronghold, the general deeming it best to destroy everything, as all our wagons would be needed to transport the wounded to the Wabash, where they could be placed in boats.

Not only was it necessary to destroy the town, but all personal baggage had to suffer a like fate, and the general set the example to his officers by ordering his own camp equipage to be burned. This caused a good deal of grumbling, but in sight of the general's example there was nothing to be said, so everybody made shift to do as well as he could with nothing save what he could carry.

So we marched back to Vincennes, and in December several chiefs came in to declare for peace, being influenced thereto by an earthquake, which was felt over a wide tract of country on the 16th of the month, and by March, 1812, all excepting the Shawnees had signified their willingness to make almost any terms for the sake of peace. This result was brought about largely through the influence of Little Turtle, a chief who has been mentioned before as the advocate of peace with the white man, and whose influence might have been still more effectual but for his death at Fort Wayne in July, where he was buried by the garrison with the honors of war. The peaceful professions of the chiefs were not all that could be wished, for they were at the same time engaged in negotiations with British agents, who knew very well that the two countries were fast drifting into war, and wished to engage as many savage allies as could be furnished with arms and ammunition to use against the Americans.

Tecumseh and his brother were prominent at a council with Colonel Elliot, the British agent at Malden, in May, and with several other chiefs pledged their adherence to the British cause. Some of the chiefs, notably one named "Walk-in-the-water," upbraided the British for their conduct at Fort Miami in 1794, and would have nothing to do with any treaty that threatened to set them at war again with the Americans who had proved to be such terrible foes.

So ended the Indian war of 1811, but peace was not yet assured to the Republic, for England could not forget that the United States had once been her colonies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

SCARCELY was the Indian trouble settled so far as it touched the territory that was immediately under Governor Harrison's command, when the differences and disputes with Great Britain, that had been growing in magnitude, even since the first treaty of peace, culminated in a declaration of war (June 18, 1812). England had for so long a time been mistress of the seas, that she not unnaturally assumed rights that no independent power could countenance.

British seamen sometimes deserted from her warships and shipped upon American merchantmen, or even enlisted in the United States navy, and British officers assumed the right to search American vessels for all such persons. As they were not over-particular about full identification, the wrong men were sometimes seized and carried forcibly on board His Majesty's ships. Lengthy correspondence between the two governments failed to adjust matters satisfactorily, and at last the United States determined to submit no longer to such indignities.

The American navy was insignificant in size as compared with that of Great Britain, but in quality it had no favors to ask. In what has been known as "The Quasi War with France" (1799-1800), and in the actual war with Tripoli (1802-1804), it had gained experience in action that had proved its seamen and ships the equal of any in the world, and the memory of the struggle for independence was still fresh in the minds of many men who were not yet past middle life.

We, who were west of the Alleghanies, although proud enough of the exploits of our salt-water blue-jackets, were more directly interested in that portion of the navy that operated on the Great Lakes, dividing us from the acknowledged possessions of Great Britain in Canada, and still more interested in the movements of land forces along our border.

The British were better prepared for war than we, and promptly, upon a declaration of hostilities, surprised and captured the garrison at Mackinac, and five days later had possession of Chicago. General Hull invaded Canada on July 12, but was compelled to retreat to Detroit, where he disgracefully surrendered with his garrison of twenty-five hundred men, on the 16th of August.

It so happened that just before this time Governor Harrison had addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, in which he anticipated many of the early dis-

asters that afterward actually befell our arms. This, and the high esteem in which he was held throughout the west, pointed to him as the man of all others who should be given command of the troops that were rapidly enrolled for the defence of the northern frontier.

Throughout this region the war was popular. Kentucky enlisted fifty-five hundred men; Ohio, twelve hundred; and old Revolutionary veterans vied with younger Indian fighters to redeem the honor that had been lost through lack of preparation and incompetency.

When, therefore, Harrison was commissioned major-general of Kentucky militia, and later (September 2, 1812) was appointed a brigadier-general in the United States Regulars, the news was received with great satisfaction by all who had the interests of the country at heart. One of the chief advocates of his promotion was Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, and at the height of his popularity in his native State of Kentucky.

General Harrison's first duty was to make good the demoralization resulting from Hull's surrender and the other disasters to our arms, which left not a fort in the upper lakes that we could call our own. Along all that immense frontier, English agents were inciting the Indians to renewed hostilities with such success that

the settlers fled in terror to points where they could combine for mutual protection.

Learning that Fort Wayne was in danger of capture by Indians, Harrison, though short of arms and munitions of war, pushed forward to its relief, and shortly afterward was appointed by the President to the chief command of the Northwestern army, the most extensive and important authority that had ever, up to that time, been granted to a soldier of the Republic, Washington and Greene alone excepted. In the letter forwarded by the Secretary of War, he was thus instructed: "You will command such means as may be practicable, exercise your own discretion, and act in all cases according to your own judgment."

President Madison had known Harrison for more than ten years, and felt that any confidence reposed in him would not be misplaced. Our first march after this was to St. Mary's and Defiance, and it was performed without tents and under rainy skies that drenched us to the skin night after night; but although the men were short of food, there was no more than the ordinary grumbling that good soldiers always indulge in, and we made the most of the glorious news that had not long since reached us from the east; namely, the capture of the *Guerrière* by the *Constitution*, a naval triumph that made all Europe, and especially England,

rub its eyes and wonder if the skies were about to fall.

General Winchester's camp, where Harrison arrived after this march, was somewhat disorganized, and the very next morning he had to quell what was almost a mutiny in one of the Kentucky regiments. He effected this, however, in his own tactful way, and the men returned to duty with a zeal that never afterward flagged.

The general plan of campaign covered a line extending from Sandusky to Fort Defiance; the force at Harrison's disposal comprised regiments from Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, which were brigaded so far as practicable so as to permit the men of each State to serve together. All necessary forts and fortified camps were constructed, boats and canoes were built, and in the autumn, expeditions were sent out a few hundred strong, as well for the purpose of field practice as to restrain the enemy from making incursions into our territory.

The barbarities of all warfare were intensely repugnant to General Harrison, and when savages were employed as allies there was an ever-present danger that the most dreadful atrocities would be committed alike against prisoners of war, and against such women and children as might be within reach. Our own

troops, actuated by motives of revenge, had not always been above blame in this regard, and the British had never been successful in restraining their red-skinned allies when the opportunity offered for them to indulge their natural modes of warfare. On one side, indeed, hardly any one believed that the English officers made any effort whatever at restraint, but it is not fair to assume that they were altogether without humanity in this regard.

General Harrison, at any rate, was determined to do all in his power to restrain his own troops even when Indians were their immediate opponents, and to his honor be it remembered that in a general order issued just after Colonel Campbell had returned from a successful raid against a well-fortified Indian village he said : —

“Let an account of murdered innocence be opened in the records of heaven against our enemies alone. The American soldier will follow the example of his Government, and the sword of the one will not be raised against the fallen and helpless, nor the gold of the other be paid for the scalps of a massacred enemy.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

AS the season advanced it became evident that no movement of invasion could be successfully made before the spring of 1813, for the rigors of a Canadian winter were close upon us, and nothing could be done but perfect preparations for an early advance when another season should open.

We had, however, some successes and some reverses to encourage and to dishearten us before the year closed, but it must be confessed that we did not upon the whole make much progress in our military operations on land. This was largely offset by the exploits of our little navy, for the contest between the *Wasp* and the *Frolic* in October, the destruction of the splendid British frigate *Java* in December, and the fight between the *Hornet* and the *Peacock* in February all told us that in fighting qualities American sailors were equal to the world-famed British men-o'-war's-men, and General Harrison lost no opportunity to encourage his men to

believe that they could give an equally good account of themselves on land if they had the chance.

He had repeatedly urged the construction of a fleet to operate on the lakes, and soon had the satisfaction of learning that energetic measures to this end were undertaken by the Government. In the meantime he bent all his energies to the effective organization of his own campaign. The territory covered by his posts was so wide in extent that I was kept busy all winter riding from point to point with despatches, or guiding expeditions against Indian villages which threatened on one side, while British positions had to be watched on the other. I was well supplied with horses and equipments at Government expense, and passed upon the whole a very agreeable winter so far as I was personally concerned, for I could often stop at Cincinnati or North Bend, where I had many friends.

A serious disaster overtook us at the river Raisin. General Winchester had fortified himself by General Harrison's instructions at the Miami Rapids, and a few days afterward news came that a strong force of British and Indians was on its way to attack him. Harrison did not wish to bring on an engagement at this time, but not being present in person, could not restrain the impetuosity of such officers as commanded the gallant Kentuckians. Colonel Lewis with

some six hundred men pushed forward to Frenchtown, where the enemy was in position to receive him. After a short and sharp fight, the enemy gave way after a heavy loss in killed and wounded; and Lewis, with General Winchester's approval, determined to follow up his success, by remaining on the ground instead of falling back to the fortified camp.

This was an error of judgment, for General Proctor, the British commander, saw his opportunity for striking a blow, brought down artillery, and, on the morning of January 22, had the detachment at his mercy. The Americans fought gallantly, repelling several assaults, and at last the survivors surrendered only on the express pledge by the British commander, that the prisoners should be protected from the Indians, and should be treated as prisoners of war.

For whatever reason, the conditions were totally disregarded, and a general massacre followed, the Indians having their own way with the unfortunate captives. "Remember the river Raisin" became a watchword among Western troops during the remainder of the war.

This disaster, which befell mainly because General Harrison's directions were disregarded, of course delayed offensive operations still farther. He reached the Rapids after the fight, having ridden thither with

all possible despatch, and at once established a fortified post which was named "Fort Meigs," after the governor of Ohio.

Log quarters and blockhouses were constructed for four thousand men, and as soon as he could safely leave, the general repaired to Cincinnati to complete his preparations for the spring campaign.

Two or three times before signs of spring began to show in the woods, I rode over the long trail between Fort Meigs and Cincinnati, and at length—on April Fool's day, it so happened—I departed with despatches which I knew would bring the general promptly to the front.

It had been learned through private sources that the British were intending to attack the camp, and word was accordingly sent to Harrison, who rode back with me post-haste, and we arrived on the 12th of April, finding matters much as I had left them, but in far better condition than when the general departed in February.

It was on the 28th of April that I was sent up the river with a squad of mounted scouts to reconnoitre as far as we could. We struck the enemy apparently in force some fifteen miles from camp, and had a very pretty little skirmish with his advance all the way back to our outposts.

The British camped on the opposite bank of the river, throwing up earthworks and sending their Indian allies across to surround our position and keep us occupied after their especial fashion, while the guns were placed.

On May 1st the English gunners were ready, and an artillery duel began, which lasted five days without doing any especial damage, as the range was long for that day and both sides were pretty well protected by earthworks.

It was about midnight on May 4 when I was standing with an advanced picket that had been posted just outside our works on the river bank, when the man on watch suddenly threw up his piece, cocking it as he did so, with a whispered warning to me. Shading my eyes from the dim starlight, I made out something moving, and presently we heard a low whistle, which we both recognized as a white man's signal. I went forward cautiously and was soon near enough to identify the stranger as Captain Oliver, whom I immediately led to headquarters, where he told the general that General Clay, with a detachment of three thousand Kentuckians, was within a few hours' march.

Captain Hamilton was immediately despatched with orders for eight hundred men to land above the British works and storm them in the morning, while the re-

mainder of the force should land on our side of the river and force their way through the Indians to the camp.

Harrison, anxious to see in person that his orders were well carried out, took his stand upon one of the parapets, heedless of the exposure, and watched the progress of events. After some resistance from the Indians the main body of the Kentuckians reached the gates of the fort, but before entering, turned and charged the foe, just to show how little they cared for them.

Shortly afterward Colonel John Miller with his regulars was ordered to charge an English battery that had been thrown up on our side of the river. This was done in fine style, the regulars carrying the battery with a rush, spiking the guns, capturing forty-one of the garrison, and getting back to the camp within three-quarters of an hour. Their loss, however, was heavy; 180 killed and wounded out of 350 men who marched out to the assault, in the face of 200 British regulars, 150 Canadians, and 500 Indians.

While this lively work was in progress, Captain Peter Dudley had carried out his orders on the other side of the stream, capturing the enemy's works without losing a man, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the red flag of England come fluttering down to the parapet where it had defiantly waved for nearly a week.

Dudley now made the mistake of lingering too long before obeying the recall signals that were at once shown, and lost not only his own life, but most of his men in consequence, for they were cut off and captured before a rescue party could be sent to their aid, and under the eyes of the British officers were handed over to the Indian allies, who tomahawked and scalped them with no one to interfere until the noble Tecumseh reached the scene, when he exclaimed, "For shame! It is a disgrace to kill a defenceless prisoner," and he at once stopped the massacre, which General Proctor had taken no steps to prevent.

Tecumseh, while a formidable foe, had noble instincts, and this act entitles him to rank with his American adversary, whose humane words are quoted a few pages back.

This action occurred on May 5, and three days afterward General Proctor broke camp and withdrew his force, though he went through the formality of sending a flag with a summons to surrender, which General Harrison treated as a piece of official impertinence, which could only be excused on the ground that it would read well in the unavoidable report of the campaign to the war office at home in England.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INVASION OF CANADA.

FORT MEIGS was again threatened early in July, and was for some time surrounded by Indians, so that it was impossible to venture outside the stockade, but plans were changed, and a heavy attack was directed instead against Fort Stephenson at Lower Sandusky, where Major George Croghan of the 17th Infantry was in command with a force of one hundred and sixty regulars.

On the morning of July 31, a force of British and Indians, thirteen thousand strong, under General Proctor, attempted to storm this post, which was in fact merely a trading-station fortified and strengthened for defence. The two assaulting columns were repulsed with such loss that on the following day the whole force retreated, and Major Croghan, a young man of only twenty-five, found himself famous; but the political opponents of Mr. Madison found in some of the attendant circumstances an opportunity to attack General Harrison with all the bitterness of partisan

hatred. The army, however, including Major Croghan himself, treated these attacks with contempt, and the general was more beloved than ever by his men.

Harrison now found himself in a position to carry the war into the enemy's country. Commodore Perry had hastily constructed, out of green forest timber, a squadron that he considered capable of dealing with the British fleet anchored at Malden, — a conviction which the result justified.

The reader must look elsewhere for details of the battle of Lake Erie. Suffice it to say here that Commodore Perry's orders to his captains were, "Engage each your designated adversary, in close action, at half-cable's length."

At daylight, on September 10, the enemy was sighted, and Perry hoisted his fighting flag with the legend, "Don't give up the ship." By noon both fleets were at it hammer and tongs, and at three o'clock in the afternoon every British ship had struck her colors.

To General Harrison, Commodore Perry wrote, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," and to the Secretary of War: "It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one

sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict." Preparations for the invasion of Canada were now made with energy, and on September 20, Harrison, with the detachment of regulars, sailed with Perry to reconnoitre Malden. On the 26th, the army landed, but General Proctor, the British commander, convinced apparently that resistance was vain now that the British fleet was captured, set fire to all combustible property and retreated to a strong position on the river Thames, his left flank resting upon the river, and his right protected by a not easily passable swamp, in and beyond which were Tecumseh and his two thousand Indians.

It is supposed that General Proctor had heard that the Americans fought the Indians successfully in open order, that is with intervals between the men. At all events, I was sitting on my horse near the staff while the divisions were forming up in line of battle, and noticed this unusual formation on the part of the enemy. While I was wondering what it meant, Colonel Wood called out, "General! do you see? They are in open order!" Harrison, whose attention had been fixed upon the disposition of his own troops, raised his glass and swept it along the extended red line of infantrymen.

"You are right, Wood, so they are," and turning to

one of his aids, — Colonel Todd, I think, — he bade him ride down and tell Johnson to charge with his whole squadron. Todd galloped off as hard as he could go and delivered the order.

Colonel R. M. Johnson had some months before raised a regiment of mounted men, Kentuckians, with whom he had already done some gallant fighting against the Indians. This was just the opportunity he had longed for, to try his hand against a disciplined foe, and he dashed forward at the head of his men with such impetuosity that they rode through and over the British line as if it had been made of toy soldiers.

Had the line been in the usual solid formation, this could not have been accomplished — would not have been tried, indeed, for the force of mounted men was wholly inadequate. Through they went, however, in gallant style, and when they reined up to re-form, found that their late adversaries had thrown down their arms and were asking for quarter.

At this point, Tecumseh, seeing a chance, as he thought, to save the day, led his Indians against the horsemen, dashing in among the troopers, and using his tomahawk right and left, till he fell, mortally wounded, almost by the side of Colonel Johnson, who was already disabled by a gunshot.

This incident probably gave rise to the popular song

with the well-known refrain, "Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh."

Our army numbered 2500, of whom 350 only were regulars. The British had 845 regulars and 2000 Indians, of whom we took 600 prisoners; and, despite the example set us by our adversaries, treated them with the consideration due from civilized soldiers.

General Proctor succeeded in making his escape with a few of his command, and narrowly avoided capture, for some of our mounted men were close upon him at one time.

That night Harrison invited thirty-five British officers to dine with him, and was obliged to apologize for the fare, which was fresh roasted beef, without either bread or salt. "It is all that I have to offer you, gentlemen," he said in apology, "all that any of us have; but, although it may not be equal to the 'roast beef of Old England,' which I hope you will all shortly taste, it is a fairly good substitute when one is hungry. The wine, which, as you see, is a native Canadian article, you may drink with impunity, for it will never intoxicate. Gentlemen, here's to your very good health and a speedy and lasting peace." With this he bowed, and raised to his lips a cup of cold water, with the like of which his guests were fain to be content.

This engagement practically ended the campaign in Upper Canada. Harrison and Perry were received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and public rejoicings were held in their honor wherever they passed on their way to Washington.

This campaign practically ended the adventurous part of my dear general's life. Owing, probably, to jealousy on the part of the Secretary of War, he was assigned to a command so unimportant that he immediately tendered his resignation, which, during the temporary absence of the President, was accepted by the Secretary of War. Thus, to the great indignation and regret of the army and a very large majority of the people, his services were lost to the country during the ensuing campaigns.

The Treaty of Ghent put an end to the second war with Great Britain, or, as it has not inaptly been called, "the second war for independence"; and in 1816, having acted as a commissioner to treat with the Western Indians, Harrison was elected to Congress, where he served with honor in spite of sundry malignant attacks upon his official character by narrow-minded enemies; and the two houses at last united in voting to him and to Governor Shelby of Kentucky two gold medals in recognition of their distinguished military services.

This resolution was passed with but one dissenting

voice, and was intended as a marked acknowledgment of an injustice into which Congress had been led by personal enemies of General Harrison, who were incapable of appreciating the lofty motives by which he was actuated throughout his public career.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

TO an old soldier whose failing memory goes back to a hundred fights, and to frontier adventures covering near half a century, there seems but little to relate about the times of peace that followed General Harrison's resignation from the army. There were, to be sure, other events of a stirring and warlike nature, such, for instance, as the capture of our fine new frigate *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon* in Boston harbor, the burning of Washington by the British, the defence of Fort McHenry, when the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written, the battle of New Orleans, and other glorious victories upon the ocean and upon the Lakes.

But with none of these had I any personal connection, and, indeed, my mind was somewhat distracted from military matters; for after my general's resignation I obtained my discharge, and by his request built myself a comfortable cabin on a quarter-section of land that he gave me on the banks of the Ohio, near

North Bend. My own affairs have little to do with this narrative, for all of them that possess any interest for the average reader concern personages of far more consequence than Sergeant Bassett.

I write this with the Mexican War in progress, or, rather, nearly concluded—a most unjustifiable war, to my thinking, but I have not been able to avoid taking an interest in it, since my own countrymen are engaged in its prosecution.

Soon after my cabin was finished I married a young woman whose acquaintance I had formed in the old Fort Washington days, and we set up housekeeping in my home, while General Harrison was in Congress, or engaged in the discharge of other public trusts, for he was ever active in local affairs, and in the management of his own property. In 1819 he was elected to the State Senate of Ohio, and served two years; in 1824 he was sent to the United States Senate, where, as chairman of the military committee, his army experience enabled him to suggest many improvements in the administration of army affairs, including a reform in the pension office, which brought comfort to many an old soldier whose days were like to end in poverty and want.

In 1828 he was appointed minister to the Republic of Colombia, which had for long been in a state of

disquiet and civil war. There he formed the acquaintance of General Bolivar, "the Washington of South America," whose name is inseparably connected with the final expulsion of Spain from the colonies which she had so long misruled.

Andrew Jackson's election to the Presidency of the United States, and his inauguration on March 4, 1829, was immediately followed by the recall of Harrison, who had incurred the new President's lasting enmity by certain criticisms of his conduct during the Seminole War. "Old Hickory" was not the man to forgive criticism, even when it was so courteously and considerately made as in the present instance. He lost few opportunities to humiliate those who ventured to differ with him, among whom Harrison more than once felt bound to take his stand.

On reaching home and closing up his official correspondence, to my great joy he came to live upon his farm at North Bend, where I could see him whenever I chose, and where he speedily recovered from the effects of his residence in the unfamiliar climate of South America.

His position on the temperance question, which has sometimes been severely commented upon, is best shown by a speech delivered before the Hamilton County Agricultural Society on June 16, 1831. In

alluding to the conversion of corn into intoxicating liquors, he said:—

“I speak more freely of the practice of converting material of the ‘staff of life,’ for the want of which so many human beings yearly perish, into an article so destructive of health and happiness, because in that way I have sinned myself; but in that way I shall sin no more.”

This was in reference to a distillery which he had set up a year or two before, but which he discontinued as soon as his attention was drawn to the evil effects that might result from its operation.

In the same address, afterward largely quoted to his honor, he drew a picture of the American farmer as he ought to be, and his friends could not help saying to one another that he had unconsciously painted his own portrait.

The general was out of politics after this until 1836, when he was nominated for the Presidency in opposition to Martin Van Buren. He was defeated though he received seventy-two electoral votes, mainly from the Middle and Western States, and so was permitted to continue his quiet life at North Bend, where he literally earned his bread by hard work. He served for a time as clerk of the Court of Common Pleas at Cincinnati, a position which brought him in a modest income in the way of fees.

A distinguished Frenchman, who chanced to meet him at this time, was greatly shocked and astonished to learn that a man who had served the Republic with such distinction should be permitted to eke out a living as clerk of an inferior court.

Yet such was the case: A general of the regular army, the hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, victor over Tecumseh, the Shawnee Prophet, and the British general, Proctor, Governor of the Northwest Territory and of Indiana, United States senator, and minister to the most important of the South American republics. Here he was grown old in the service of his country, and allowed to supplement the scant earnings of his farm by filling out law blanks hour after hour in an ill-ventilated court room. No wonder that the incredulous foreigner marvelled at the ingratitude of the Republic, and wrote home that the ways of Americans were quite incomprehensible to a Frenchman.¹

General Harrison never complained, but went straight about his duties as he always had done, whether as a civilian or as a soldier, and I think that no one was more surprised than he when he heard the result of the National Whig Convention, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, held on December 4, 1839.

¹ "Lettres sur Amerique du Nord," by Michel Chevalier.

He was then and there nominated for the Presidency, and one of the most bitter and exciting political campaigns that the country has ever known resulted in his triumphant election.

Of the excesses and misrepresentations of that campaign, accounts of which reached me in my quiet home at North Bend, I will say nothing here.

The "Tip and Ty" campaign of 1840 is passed and gone ; the log cabins that were mounted on wheels and hauled about the streets to glorify the simple habits of the candidate are no more ; the popular songs that were written in his honor are half forgotten, and he, too, has passed untimely away.

People in general, and young people in particular, do not care overmuch to hear about the last hours of the great and good, and I shall waste neither time nor paper in telling how the brave young Virginian, who spent the days of his youth in founding the Northwest Territory, accepted the highest office in the gift of the nation, only to have his commission recalled by a still higher power.

At the impressive ceremonies of the inauguration, I stood near him when he delivered his inaugural address, which I shall always think is the finest one that ever an incoming President pronounced. I wanted to have it printed with the rest of this narrative, but my granddaughter tells me that nobody would read it ; and I sup-

pose that she knows. I felt rather out of place among all the distinguished people who thronged to the Capitol to do honor to the new Chief Magistrate ; but it did my heart good to find myself remembered by old army officers, not one of whom hesitated an instant in coming forward and shaking hands with me. Colonel Johnson, whom I had last seen when he fell from his horse almost at the dying Tecumseh's side, Colonels Todd and Chambers, who were Harrison's aids at the battle of the Thames, and many others, were kind enough to remember the old sergeant of the Legion and captain of scouts.

All through the inaugural ceremonies I was somehow oppressed with a dread of coming disaster, but I had often experienced similar presentiments which came to naught, so I made the best of it and said nothing, although that night after the crowd of visitors had departed, I saw well enough that the President was not in his usual spirits ; and he went to his private room at the earliest opportunity.

The next morning, after breakfast, he asked me to walk with him down Pennsylvania Avenue, as he had one or two purchases to make, and the first place that we entered was a bookstore, where he asked to see the best editions of the Bible that the proprietor had on hand.

He was recognized, of course, by the storekeeper and his clerks, and was treated with all consideration, for it was not a small thing to have the popular new President so promptly among his customers.

In the course of the talk that went on while he made his selection, I remember that he said: "I was much surprised and troubled yesterday [the day of his inauguration], when I went through every room in the White House, and could not find a single copy of the Holy Scriptures. It is very strange in the Executive Mansion of a God-fearing people like the Americans. This is not right! I intend to purchase out of the congressional appropriation the best copy of the Bible that I can find, and write in it, 'The President of the United States, from the People of the United States.' "

After a few more purchases, we went back to the White House—I carrying most of the parcels, while the President, refusing to have the volume sent home by the bookseller's errand boy, insisted upon keeping the Bible in his own hands.

Thus was inaugurated the brief four weeks of residence in the White House of this simple-minded, brave, patriotic statesman and soldier.

Just one month afterward, with some of his old staff officers at his bedside, he breathed his last, and a few

days later the Reverend Mr. Hawley, rector of St. John's Church, conducted the funeral services of the President at the White House, while the news went abroad that the popular Chief Magistrate was no more.

The Bible that the rector held in his hand at this solemn service, and from which he read the impressive passages selected by the church for such occasions, was the very one in which Mr. Harrison had reverently written a few days before: "To the President of the United States, by the People of the United States."

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